

A Matrimonial Romance---By Ike Swift

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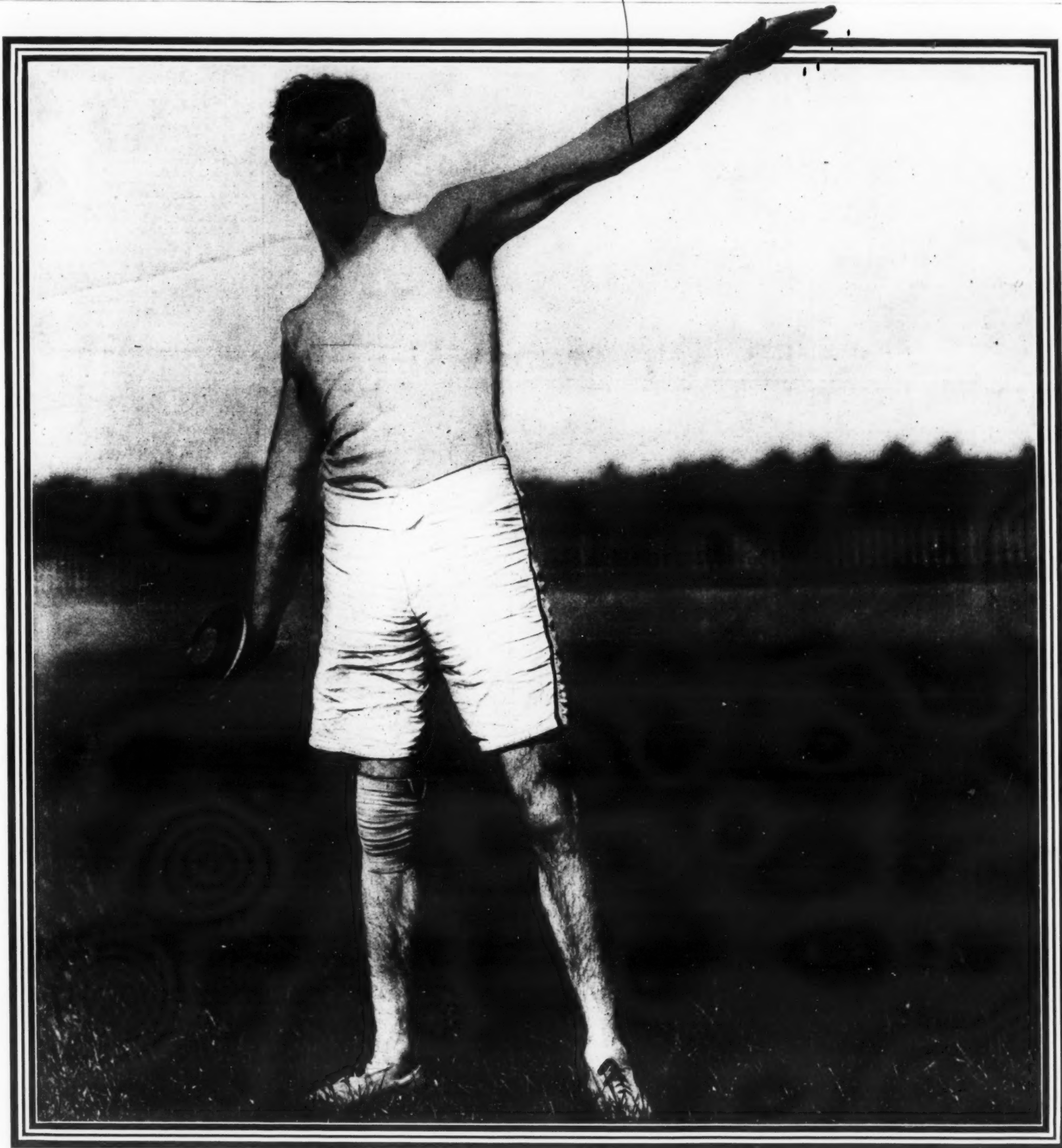
THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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Price, 10 Cents.



MARTIN J. SHERIDAN.

ATHLETIC AMERICAN WHO WON THE FREE STYLE DISCUS THROW AT ATHENS, GREECE.



Established 1846.
ISSUED EVERY WEEK.

RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, June 30, 1906.

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THE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
CLARK GRIFFITH, The Able Manager
of the New York Americans.

Miscellaneous Sports.

Blair Athol, for which Senator McCarren paid \$11,000 last Fall, died recently.

Hamilton, Ont., may erect a statue of William Sherring to commemorate his victory at Athens.

Phil McGuire, known far and wide as the trainer of Maud S., the peerless trotter, died in New York recently.

Harry Payne Whitney's great three-year-old colt, Burgomaster, has gone lame, and has gone out of training.

On June 10, in New York, William Dawson ran 880 yards in 2:07, making a track record for the New West Side A. C. grounds.

Wrestling is dead around New York. A recent match between Alec Swanson and Young Hackenschmidt drew about 100 people.

Riley B., by Happy Riley, equaled the track record of 2:12½, at Norfolk, Va., recently, in a first heat, beating Greenline, Black Hal and Art Alco.

John F. Ryan, manager of the Montreal Racing Association, says that the new Montreal track will be completed in time for the race meeting to be held September 8 to 23.

Jack Curry has a formidable string this season in Brilliant Girl, Tuna, 2:08½, both by James Madison; What Is It, 2:11, by Direct; Charley T., 2:18½, by Zombro; Forest W., 2:14½, by Wayland W. and Ila Wheeler.

The Grand Prix of Paris, for a purse of \$40,000 and sweepstakes, for three-year-old colts and fillies, run in France, June 10, was won by Sir Tatton Sykes' bay colt Spearpoint, the winner of this year's Epsom Derby.

Cinderella, the thoroughbred brood mare that transformed Dr. J. D. Neet, a Woodford country doctor, into a capitalist, bringing to him through her produce nearly \$200,000, died of heart failure recently. She was bred by Thomas Throgmorton in England, was sired by Blue Ruin or Tomahawk, dam Hanna, by Brown Bread. Among her get were: Hastings, Plaudit, Glenhelm, Handsome and Migraine.

Halftone Photographs.

Royston and Airey are the owners of the Crescent Cafe, at 883 West Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Both are all around sports and good fellows, and they have a large following.

Here are the names of the members of the Valley Park (Mo.) Baseball Team, 1905 champions of St. Louis County: Dunn, captain and left field; Foley, centre field; Wetter, right field; Hostetter, third base; Wilberger, second base; Munier, first base; O'Keef, shortstop; Dickens, pitcher; Dr. Knobb, secretary and treasurer; Frank Johnston, president and manager, and Myers, catcher.

The members of Christian Seubert's Cribbage League, of Highlandtown, Baltimore, Md., are all crack players, and they have all figured in many exciting contests. Those shown in the picture on another page of this issue are: B. Lammers, C. Funk, C. Schroeder, I. Bucher, J. McClelland, S. Moore, secretary and referee; C. Rippel, president; C. Seubert, treasurer and manager; H. Freibell, H. Schlesinger, scorekeeper; W. Reif, vice-president; George Jester and T. Aten.

Perhaps you think that team of the Third Battalion, at Fort Porter, N. Y., can't play ball. Last year it won 76 out of 90 games. Here they are on the job this year: Top row—Frank Blank, first base; Capt. H. L. Jackson, 1st Infantry, manager; Claude Whisman, right field. Second row—Jack Gebrens, utility; Richard Leyshon, centre field; George Halpin, third base; Magnus Becker, second base; Otto Klabuhn, left field; Frank Gomery, pitcher. Third row—Levi Nische, catcher; Leeman Mason, pitcher; James J. Moore, shortstop.

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THEATRICAL FACTS— WITH A FEW CALCIUM FLASHES IN BETWEEN —FOOTLIGHT FANCIES

Items of Interest About the Clever Entertainers Who Play in Halls and Continuous Houses.

LET POLICE GAZETTE READERS KNOW ABOUT YOU

All Professionals Are Invited to Send in Brief Paragraphs About Themselves and Photos in Character for Publication on This Page.

The Three Madcaps closed their season at Cook's, Rochester, N. Y. They did not play Detroit, Boston, Lawrence and Pastor's, as was announced,

Lew Hearn, comedian, and Sid Fern, of the Fern Comedy Four, have joined hands. The team will be known as Fern and Hearn. Their new act is entitled "A Jew Expressman," and is being written by one of New York's best writers.



WILHELMA FRANCIS.

A Brilliant Young Actress who is with John Dunn in a Bright Vaudeville Sketch entitled "The Holdup."

owing to the illness of one of the members. They will rest during the Summer months at Sheephead Bay.

Art Adair is en route with the Great Wallace Shows.

The Buckeye Trio report success with their trick house act.

The Sensational Boises, in their casting act, report success with the Great Wallace Show.

Angelo F. Admiralli is with the Harris Nickel Plate Show, in the capacity of band leader.

O Hana San returns to America next season in a new dancing act, supported by four Geisha girls.

The Misses Burke and Urtine, presenting the Automobile Girls, are on the Crystal circuit making good as usual.

Kennedy and Wilkens, formerly known as the Dancing Meteors, will hereafter be known as the Globe Trotters.

The Berg Sisters have signed for prominent roles in musical comedy, with Hurtig & Seamon for next season.

Dan Harrington, the ventriloquist, has played thirty-five weeks without a break, and all in good houses, too.

Caldwell and Wentworth, "The Fashion Plates," in a refined singing, talking and dancing act, report big success.

Good photographs of women performers in stage costume will be printed in the POLICE GAZETTE free of all cost.

Joseph West, of West and Lewis, has signed to manage Edgewood Park, at Shamokin, Pa., for the Shamokin & Edgewood Electric Traction Company.

The Marquands, Victor and Laura, aerial cyclists and tight wire performers, report big success with their act. They open on the Harold Cox fairs Aug. 6, and later will join the Lindsey Stock Company.

The team of Shepard, La Pierre and Jeffrey has dissolved partnership by mutual consent.

Charles Willard has an indefinite engagement at Curley's Music Hall, St. Paul, Minn., where he is a big success.

The Dunedin Troupe, well-known cyclists in London and Europe, are meeting with great success at the Forepaugh & Sells Brothers' Shows.

La Zello is again with the Archer & Forrester Show, doing his light and heavy balancing act and dancing, making his fourth year with the show.

Charley Powers joined Lucier's Famous Minstrels, at Onset, Mass., for the Summer season, and is receiving three and four encores every night.

Donat Bedini and his acrobatic dog, Jim, arrived recently from England, where he has played the principal circuits. He opened at Sohmer Park, Montreal.

Tom N. Kershaw, pianist and leader at the Colonial Theatre, Lawrence, Mass., goes to Rochester, N. Y., for the Summer. He will be resident manager there for Frank Melville.

Mr. and Mrs. Rapp have opened their Summer season, and are giving their entertainments under canvas. Good weather has been conducive to good business. Besides the extensive magical and illusion work of Mr. Rapp and Mrs. Rapp's



THE SISTERS STARR.

A Charming Song and Dance Team whose Clever Act Wins an Encore wherever They Appear, and They're Real Johnny Captivators, all right.

musical novelties, the company includes: Harry Gou'd, comedian, and George Howard, juggler.

Sam and Ida Kelly, and Summers and Winters are playing the Ammons circuit through Indiana, and report success.

Billy Nasmyth, who recently played a successful three weeks' engagement at the New Pawtucket Theatre, Pawtucket, R. I., has joined hands with Lil-

lian Belmont, to do his original sketch, "The Maid and the Servant."

Viola and Engel are playing the Keith circuit, and report meeting with success.

Harry and Mabel Martine are on the J. E. Jackson circuit in the West. They are doing very well with their new act.

Helen Marion Smith, Ye Olde Fashioned Girl, has been compelled to cancel her partnership and all dates on account of poor health.

Carl Herbert, magician, is playing the Keith circuit, and reports success. He is preparing a new magic and illusion act for next season.

Schwartz and Nicolay will shake the road this season, for they have fixed themselves with an electric theatre at the Lagoon, Ludlow, Ky.

Billy Moore, blackface comedian, is with the West Comedy Company, doing the comedy and his specialty, and featuring his eccentric dancing.

Adrietta Rehan has just closed with the Morrell's Merry Makers Company in Maine, and has returned to Boston, after a very successful season.

Kate Hope King, who is creating the part of Mrs. Percy Gammon, in Melvin G. Winstock's play, "A Sealskin Sack," is making a success in the role.

The Great Austins, tambourine spinners and jugglers, have just closed a successful season of forty weeks with Hyde's Blue Ribbon Girls Company.

Joe J. Sullivan is playing the Western vaudeville circuit, and is meeting with great success. He is assisted by Lole Edna Richards, a singer of some note.

The Duluth Amusement Company has been incorporated, and has begun the erection of a park at Ontka Beach, on Minnesota Point, between Duluth and Superior.

Dan A. Anderson and Ruby Reynolds report meeting with success in their comedy singing and talking act. They are with the Western Vaudeville Managers' Association.

Harry Ferguson and Lulu Beeson are gradually working their way New Yorkwards. From the West they went to New Orleans where their new act made all kinds of a hit.

Harry Burns, bag puncher, has joined Steve Finn, formerly of Burke & Finn. Their initial performance took place at Trocadero Theatre, Fort George, where they were the laughing success.

The Thompson Sisters report success with their act. They recently completed a tour of the Kohl & Castle houses, and will play the parks this Summer for the Western Vaudeville Association.

The Quaker City Quartette, Harry Ernest, manager, closed a two years' engagement at St. Louis, with Al G. Fields's Minstrels, and are now playing the Keith circuit. John Healy is the comedian.

Murray, Clayton and Drew, after closing with the Moonlight Maids Company, played Tony Pastor's Theatre, the week of June 11. They go to England in September for a run of thirty weeks.

George Wallace, formerly of the Brooklyn Comedy Trio, has joined hands with Amelia Ogden, soubrette. The team will be known as Wallace and Ogden, and will present their new act, "The Bum Actor."

Marion Blake has closed with the Bryant Burlesque Company, and has signed with the Lyceum

Theatre, Boston, to put on all the musical numbers for the rest of the season. Next season she will be with the Rentz-Santley Company, playing character parts.

IF FOR AMUSEMENT OR GAIN.

Play Cards according to the Revised Hoyle. The real authority. Bigger and better than ever. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. Write Police Gazette office, New York City.

CLUB SWINGING is the Best of All Summer Exercises---Written by the Champions---Six 2-cent Stamps

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM

No. 35.



IKE SWIFT.

MONEY makes the mare go.
Sure.

That is, sometimes, if it's the right kind of a mare and there is enough money.

Take out all the "ifs" and "buts" and it will be all right.

The world began with a man, Adam, and the woman came later, but the finish will be different, for there will be a woman in the last ditch giving or ready to give the avenging angel the stiffest kind of an argument.

This story differs from the Creation in that it begins with a woman, as all stories of to-day should. And why not, for take the lady out of the case and there's no

story and never will be. The slim finger of a woman you know, is in every pie. Sometimes it improves the flavor and sometimes it spoils it—that's a matter of luck, and there are men who have tried many pies or many fingers, whichever simile you prefer, and the result in their cases is always the same.

The girl in this story had birth, and blood, and breeding behind her. She also had good looks and a little money, and that is about all that anyone wants. Add to that a fairly nice disposition and you have reached the limit.

Of course, she wasn't perfect by any means. She was a bit whimsical and peculiar, and her moods were as apparent as the moving pictures thrown on a sheet in the theatre. She was a bit unusual in that her moods were reflected in her face with all the truthfulness of a mirror. That was the reason that some said she was good-looking, while others contended that she was most ordinary. Take her as I've often seen her, when she was cheerful and happy-go-lucky, and while there was nothing about her features that was regular she was attractive enough for anyone, and she could make a good many young fellows turn their heads to look after her as she passed down the street.

Then again something would happen, and she would seem to age ten years in as many hours, and a crop of deep lines and wrinkles would spring out like magic. But she had magnetism, and she was forever standing at the fork of two roads, one of which led to good and the other to bad. To her it was the toss of a coin which one she would take.

It was while she was in a thoughtful mood, debating with herself, that the man came along. There's an apology goes with that, for he hadn't a vote yet, and he was very youthful in his ways and of that age where a youngster is apt to tell more than is good for him, and to stray from the field of fact. Of course, it's not a crime—it's only a period. With his red cheeks and baby complexion he looked like a cross between a stick of peppermint candy and one of Raphael's cherubs. He was as pretty a piece of embroidery as ever asked his mother for spending money, and when the girl saw him she immediately threw out a line and took him in tow. Inside of twenty-four hours she had her monogram indelibly stamped on him, and he was hers. Hand in hand they went out to see the world and become real sports, and it wasn't long before wine was the limit and it wasn't half good enough at that. They left a lurid streak up and down the line, but it soon faded out, for they weren't financially strong enough to make a splash that would attract any more attention than a pair of tiny gold fish in a two dollar aquarium.

After all, it amounts to nothing more or less than a question of capacity—stomach as well as purse, and it is rarely that the two harmonize. The man with the yard wide thirst is often handicapped by a purse with complete or partial paralysis.

And then these two fell in with other company in the shape of a man and woman whose nuptials had been attended by incidents of a more or less exciting character, the star part of which was an elopement which savored more of desire than genius in its arrangements. They had succeeded so well in their new venture that they owned the entire contents of a flat across the river in Jersey, and being still in the throes

SOMETHING UP-TO-DATE.

That great little book, *Poker: How to Win*, is now bound in cloth with gold edged leaves. It makes a very handsome little volume. Price 50 cents; postage 3 cents extra.

THE PINK-CHEEKED BOY AND THE BANK ROLL

By IKE SWIFT.

of love themselves—or thinking they were—they were headquarters for everything that seemed like an affair of the heart. Some who were not their friends were unkind enough to say that it was nothing more nor less than a case of misery loving company, and that being on the coals themselves this couple enjoyed leading others to the broiler. But that's unkind and really ought not to be believed.

However, many a racket came off in the flat, and they all went as hot a pace as wind and weather per-

there was no one else to be taken into consideration not even the relatives. This going around and holding consultations in advance is no good, and people who are in love or who think they are in love don't want advice of any kind, except the kind that rings the door bell of a minister's hut or buys a wedding ring and sends it with the words:

"Get busy before it is too late."

I'm no critic, and I don't pretend to criticize here. I'm simply telling a story which may or may not be



SHE WAS A REAL SPORT ALL RIGHT, ANYONE COULD TELL THAT AT A GLANCE.

mitted, until even a rank outsider would have said it was time for a minister to get on the job and do what he could to make things legal.

The cork popped from a bottle of wine and the juices of the grape sizzled out.

"What do you say, Kid, let's get married?"

"All right, I'm game if you are; you can't plaze me," she said.

"Well, how about to-night?"

"The sooner the better."

Talk about quick action, it was here with a vengeance.

Four people on a ferryboat, then an elevated railroad and the ringing of a minister's door bell.

It's all very simple.

The dinner afterwards in a cafe, very informal, you know, to harmonize with the ceremony, with a couple of quarts for luck sandwiched in by cocktails and highballs; then a few brief telegrams:

"Married to-night; wish us luck;" you know the rest.

It was all right, after all, apparently, and everybody did wish them luck, even if there were a few bad spots in the job. But you see, they suited themselves and

true, but I'm not going to be responsible for it any more than the man who rents a place and plants flowers in the garden is responsible for the architecture of the house on the premises.

It is said that the bride in this case was kind enough to supply the funds for the honeymoon, while the nice boy supplied the beauty and called it even. In the eyes of the lady it seems like a fair enough proposition, but harsh things are liable to be said of such a combination even though it is no one's business.

When they returned from the fields of fruits and flowers the boy had made up his mind, like the Count Boni de Castellane, that being a husband was much better than holding down a job in an office, and so they settled in New York like a pair of pigeons after a long flight. He had no more idea of the responsibilities of married life than a six month's old infant has of playing the races. With a place to sleep and a feed bag always ready for his face he was satisfied, but that was because of his youth. You see, marrying from the cradle has both its advantages and its drawbacks, according to the way you look at it.

For him every morning was Christmas, and the tree was always fixed up with something nice with his

name on it. Do you blame him for looking pleasant? Press the button for a dollar, press it twice and you get five. Just as easy as drawing money out of the bank when you have a check book.

But with all going out and nothing coming in it doesn't last long, and when he had swept up all the spare change in sight he began to cast his covetous eye upon the big bundle that was tied up with a woolen string.

He knew something about the racing game—just enough to get stung when the time came, and he knew a man who was good enough to offer him a half interest in a racing mare that had been kept under cover for a year or so, but who could, if she was let out, beat anything that ever wore pigskin. To that infantile mind of his this was the one great chance of a lifetime and the thousand-dollar bill was the key which would unlock the door to wealth.

Money without working for it.

Why it was a pipe. Besides, it made a beautiful and alluring tale for the bride, who had reached that stage where she didn't want her boy away from her, not even for a minute. With the thousand he would make the initial investment, and with the rest of the bank roll he would bet. With paper and pencils they sat at the table one night and rolled up two thousand to the fortune of a Rockefeller.

How easy it is to make money that way. All you have to do is to begin with any amount, even a penny, and if your pencil holds out you'll have a million in less than no time, but you can't buy anything with it—there's the trouble. The man in the insane asylum who imagined that every stone in the construction of the building was of pure gold and that it belonged to him, was just as rich in his own mind as the wealthiest human being in the world—and happier, too, I'll bet you.

They planned it all out, even to the trip to Europe on the winnings of the first big race, for she would carry odds of not less than 20 to 1, because she was unknown.

A little trip down town to the bank and out came the money in brand new bills that were very good to look at.

So the first step was taken, and the boy made up his mind that he had turned his back forever upon such things as ten-dollar a week jobs.

It doesn't require any ingenuity or brains for a man to separate himself from such things as thousand-dollar bills—in fact it's quite easy. Consequently it didn't require any brain work on the part of the boy to deplete the account by just that amount within a very short time. For his new bill he received in return a slip of paper which stated that he was the half owner of the racing mare known as Blue Monday, and that in consideration of his paying one-half of the training expenses of the said mare he was to be entitled to one-half of the winnings, less jockey fees and other incidentals.

To him it sounded beautiful and it took not less than one quart to celebrate this new business venture—paid for by the lady, of course, but still, in view of the fact that they were one, it was all right.

Then there began to come to him via the U. S. Mail, certain sundry statements concerning the expenses of putting this fine bit of horse flesh into the proper condition to bring home the money, and the request for immediate remittance. There was variety enough about these statements, too, to satisfy the most fastidious, and the amounts ranged all the way from six dollars and fifty cents to an even hundred. The clever mind of the bride took in the situation at a glance, but the faith of the optimistic kid held as fast as a ship's anchor to a rock ledge, and he could see nothing but success in the near future.

You know there is never a day so far away that it doesn't come at last. So it was that the day of the long expected race arrived and down deep in the trouser pockets of the Pink Cheeked One was \$150, the last shot in the locker.

"It's all right, Kid," he said to her. "It's just as I thought, she's a twenty-five to one shot, and I'm going to plunk every cent down. At those odds we'll take home with us \$3,750, and I guess that'll hold us for awhile. How about it?"

"But suppose she don't win?"

"Don't win? What's the matter with you—are you getting cold feet? How can she lose? Didn't we clock her this morning on the try-out and didn't she beat the track time. Wait till you know more about this game and you'll see where I'm right."

I don't know much more about it than that, but the files of papers of that date show me that Blue Monday, mare, 3-year-old, was entered for the Seaside stakes of \$1,500, at odds of 25 to 1; there was a good start, with her in the lead. At the quarter she had fallen back to fourth, at the half she had crept up until she lapped the second horse.

She finished seventh.

I should say that blue eyed boy was looking for a job the next day, but I'm not fortune teller enough to know whether he connected or not.

Ike Swift.

A HOT OLD SPORT

Who had seen all of life on the line that he wanted, concluded he would like to marry and settle down. He didn't want an Old Pelter because he wasn't stuck on Antiques, so he set his mind on something fresh and innocent—something that would remind him of New Mown Hay and Childhood's Happy Days and all that sort of thing. He landed All Right and he started in to train the lady. Ike Swift, who was next, will tell you next week how the lady trained him.

REAL PHYSICAL CULTURE

Can be learned from Prof. Ittmann's great book, which is No. 2 of Fox's Athletic Library. Illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. Police Gazette Office, New York City.

IMPROVES THE FEMININE FIGURE---Belle Gordon's Physical Culture Book---Seven 2-cent Stamps



Photo by Otto Sarony: New York.

FRITZI SCHIFF, WHO IS A BRIGHT STAR IN COMIC OPERA.



Photo by Bushnell: San Francisco.

Mlle. ZALLAH, A PERFORMER WHO HAS REAL TALENT.



DAINTY MISS MARIETTE--SHE'S PRETTY AS A PICTURE.



JULES AND ELLA GARRISON, CLEVER TRAVESTY ARTISTS.

HERE'S VAUDEVILLE AND LEGIT.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE WOMEN, WHO HAVE THEIR SHARE OF BEAUTY.



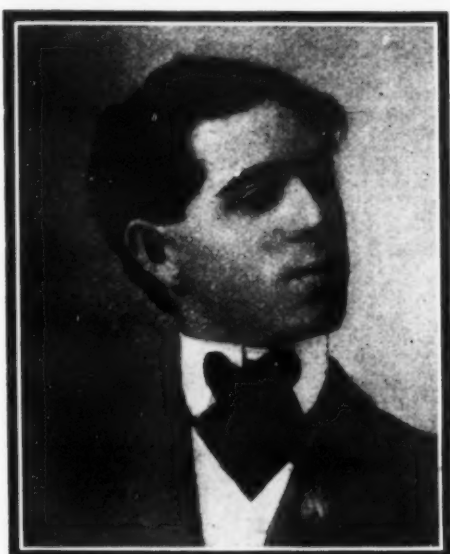
J. E. GLENDON'S TEAM.

THEY HAIL FROM BENICIA, CAL., AND ARE CAPTAINED BY J. J. MALLON, WHO IS A GOOD MAN AS A BACKSTOP.



JOE PEARSON.

TRICK BAG PUNCHER OF TOLEDO, O., WHO IS DESIROUS OF MAKING A MATCH.



E. LAZONE.

MAGICIAN AND COMEDIAN OF STARKE, FLA.

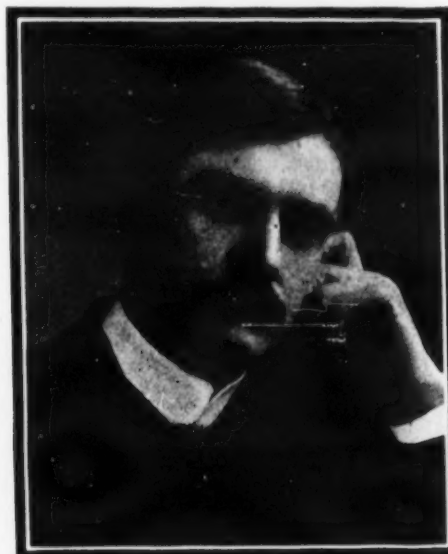


W. AIREY.

BALTIMOREANS WHO OWN AND RUN THE CRESCENT CAFE, 883 WEST BALTIMORE STREET.

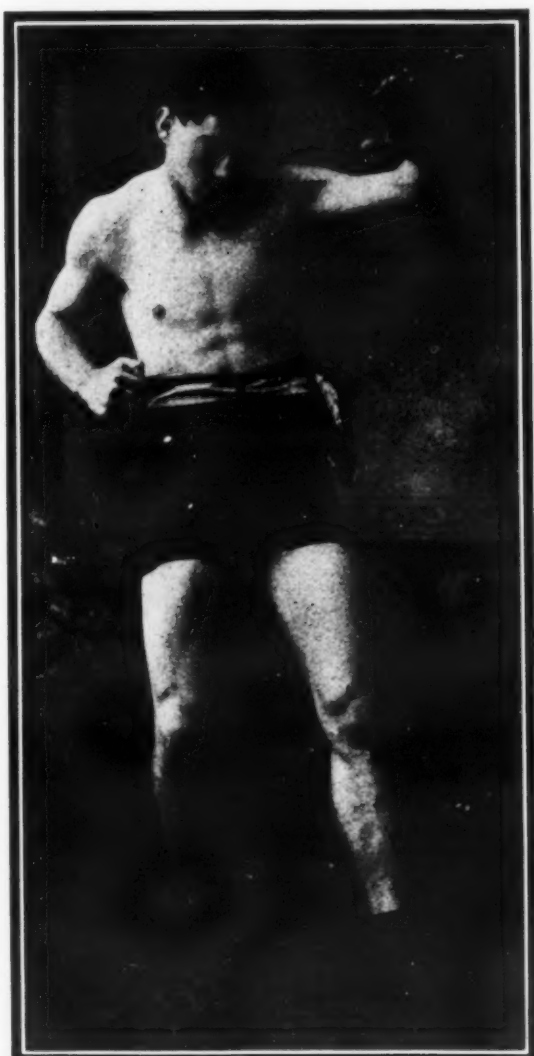


J. J. ROYSTON.



M. E. NIBBE.

A CLEVER AND VERSATILE VAUDEVILLE PERFORMER.



SAILOR BURKE.

THE ONLY MAN THAT EVER KNOCKED OUT JOE GRIM.



SOLDIER BASEBALLISTS.

THE TEAM OF THE THIRD BATTALION, FIRST UNITED STATES INFANTRY, FORT PORTER, N. Y., WHO CAN MAKE A LOT OF PLAYERS HUSTLE.

A BASEBALL UMPIRE

—VETERAN HARRY LEACH—

TELLS A FEW STORIES

He was the First to Introduce the Innovation of Standing Behind a Pitcher During the Game.

ONCE KNOCKED OUT WITH A HARD-BATTED BALL

Some Incidents of the Game which will Interest Those Who Follow the Fortunes of the Great National Sport.

Harry L. Leach, the ex-National League baseball umpire, who is now the traveling representative of the American Distilling Company, is known to the lovers of square sports the country over, and is as full of reminiscences as an egg is of meat.

Among his possessions is a coin with a history. It was one of the first that was taken in at the Washington Park track in Chicago the day that Modesty won the Derby, and he has had it in his pocket ever since.

In talking about baseball he said: "Some matters of old baseball days come to my mind. One was when it was my misfortune to think that I was a player. Through the influence of my old friend, Captain Anson, I undertook the game as a matter of livelihood and signed a contract to play in Birmingham, Ala., in the days when that town was new and wide open and everyone seemed to have an element of sporting blood in them. In fact, that same remark may apply to all the Southern League cities in those days.

"Working opposite me as my catcher was a little fellow named Duffey, whose manners, appearance and features stamped him as a typical pug and his language showed very decidedly that he had no education. However, he was a good-hearted boy, and through his ignorance did many very unbecoming things, one of which I call to mind very distinctly.

"While riding on a train from Birmingham to Memphis I was seated in a chair car reading a magazine, and lying beside my seat was my satchel and bat bag. Directly opposite me sat a gentleman who, from his garb, could be readily recognized as a minister, and the gentleman spoke to me, apologizing in words like these:

"You will excuse me, sir, but I judge you are a professional ball player, and seeing you sitting here, reading this way, I must confess my opinion of ball players has always been decidedly wrong, because I always had an idea that they were all tough, uncouth, illiterate and common, but I am very glad, sir, to see that my opinions were wrong."

"Whilst the reverend gentleman was talking to me my little companion, Duffey, came from the smoking car, put his hand on my shoulder, made some remark about my curly hair, and requested that I should give him the deck of cards which I had in my satchel, and the language he used, in making this request, was anything but becoming. Needless to say, I felt very much embarrassed, particularly so being in the presence of a minister of the Gospel.

"After my experiences as a player in both the Southern and Western Leagues I took up the pleasant duty of an umpire, but I am happy to say that I got along very well, and seldom did I have any contention as to my decisions.

"It was always my aim and desire to have the players respect me, as I respected them. In fact, they all looked alike to me in uniform, and through my true love of sport I was always glad to see the best team win, but at many games which I have umpired I could not tell which team had won until the final score was made.

"And regarding umpiring, I will say, that I believe I was the first man in that duty to stand behind the pitcher in making decisions, but I see it is followed almost universally nowadays. My idea was that an umpire standing behind the pitcher could follow the course of the ball much more distinctly than if he were standing behind the catcher, for these reasons.

"First of all, in standing behind the pitcher he has a clear sight of the course of the ball and nothing to retard his vision, because the pitcher, in delivering the ball, invariably steps to one side or the other of the pitcher's box, thereby leaving a clear line of vision to the plate, but, while the umpire is standing behind the catcher, he has between himself and the ball the catcher and the batsman, and the catcher may be a big brawny fellow, as well as the batsman, and in the course of the ball both catcher and batsman are bound to move, and in their movements the umpire's vision of the ball is bound to be more or less impaired, and it is my opinion that many a strike and ball is unjustly called through the fact that the umpire cannot see as well in standing behind the catcher as he can in standing behind the pitcher.

"Then, furthermore, an umpire standing in back of the pitcher is always closer to base decisions, and he is always at a better angle to make his decision.

"So, from my early opinions, which are more thoroughly confirmed these days, I believe an umpire can do much more satisfactory work by standing back of the pitcher than he can by standing back of the catcher.

"Speaking of umpiring, it has always seemed very unjust for people to sit in the grand stand or bleachers, possibly 150 to 300 feet away from the point of play, and criticize an umpire's decisions. An umpire who is

at all active on his feet and has a good, clear eye, can certainly keep himself in a position to make decisions much better than some critic who sits so far away from the point of play.

"But umpiring to-day is much easier than it used to be, for the reason that there are not so many critical

spectators had to sit on the grass, close up to the base lines, leaving a very small open field. My old friend, Mike Kelly, was catching, and Charley Radbourn was pitching for the Boston team, and Pat Tebeau was at bat. There had been quite a rapid fire of Irish wit between Pat and Mike.

"Pat hit a ball directly on a line, which barely missed Radbourn's head, but it did not miss mine, and I was rendered unconscious, and, of course, could not finish my work that day.

"I have been told that one of the first persons to assist me was Mike Kelly, and he picked me up and carried me off the grounds and went with me in an ambulance to the United States Hotel, and he would not leave my room until a nurse and a priest had been called. Later in the game Tebeau was hurt by a thrown ball and the next morning he came into my room, and poor old Mike Kelly was still sitting there, and Tebeau, in his crude way, said: 'Harry, I think that we Irish are the only ones that can stand this game,' and, as you know, I am far from being Irish.

"Following this same incident I call to mind another thing, which has always struck me as being very funny. A few days after my accident and before I had resumed work, a young fellow spoke to me in the hotel office and said that he called to mind very well my accident and he wondered why I did not remember him, and in reply to his comments I said that I did not remember him and asked where had I seen him.

"Well," he said, "don't you know that people were sitting close to the home plate when you got hurt? I am the little fellow that sat in the grand stand and was accompanied by two ladies, and my straw hat had a polka dot band on it."

"Now, it sounds very strange that one person out of 20,000 would expect to be known by an unconscious man.

"Another little story comes to my mind in regard to

game and made the Philadelphia team look like amateurs.

"From my standpoint, as a commercial man as well as a sportsman, I believe that baseball is the most interesting and legitimate sport of the age and it is legitimate simply from the fact that the game has been kept out of the hands of the gambling fraternity.

"In fact, it is conducted on legitimate principles, and hundreds of thousands of dollars are invested in the business and the class of players is of a much higher grade than in former days, and never nowadays do we hear of a game having been sold or that a player has been bribed to make an error or two or to encourage the loss of a game, which is very much unlike the old days of the only Nolan and several others who were blacklisted for crooked work. Ladies, gentlemen and children attend ball games to-day, and in most cases they are entertained and amused as they would be at a theatre.

"I am often asked my opinion as to the best teams and players in the various leagues, but in cases of such a question I simply reply by saying that all the ball players, no matter in what league they may be employed, are working for a record and a reputation, and the better record and reputation they obtain the more compensation they will receive.

"During my duties as a commercial traveler I visit many of the principal cities of the country, and while I do not have an opportunity to see many games, I do have opportunities to talk baseball with some of my old-time companions, and with them I spend many pleasant hours in talking over good old days, but I am not willing to put myself on record in saying that baseball as it is played to-day is more scientific and interesting than it was in the days of fifteen to twenty years ago, and I do not believe that there are any players of to-day who have more ability to win games by good hitting, good base running, clever fielding and quick thinking than Anson, Williamson, Kelly, Clarkson, Ewing, Brighthouse, O'Rourke, Richardson and many others of that class.

"All in all, I think the National sport is by far the most interesting of any sport of the age, and I think it entertains and interests more people from the standpoint of amusement and pastime than ever."

Baseball Notes.

Broadway Alec Smith says he is not a Hebrew but an Irishman.

Niles, the new St. Louis outfielder, has a record of 10 seconds for 100 yards.

Left fielder Kelley, of the Cincinnati, is swatting the ball hard these days.

Cincinnati has secured Pitcher Charles Hall, of the Seattle (Wash.) team.

There isn't a ground in the Tri-State League that could accommodate 7,000 spectators.

Fred Tenney says that he likes Pittsburgh better than Chicago for the championship.

Detroit has asked for waivers on Pitcher Eubanks, but Jake Stahl wants him for Washington.

Richie has proved a find for Philadelphia. He has been doing better work than Pittenger and Sparks, the veterans.

Patsy Donovan's lively Trolley Dodgers are playing ball all right, and if nothing breaks will make the leaders do some fretting.

Cy Young is the one pitcher of the Boston American staff that Peterson is not fond of handling. The other pitchers are easy for him.

Schulte, Chicago's crack right fielder, in a recent game against the champion New Yorks, considerably increased his batting average with five fine hits.

In a game on June 11, playing against Philadelphia, Capt. Clarke, of the Pittsburghs, increased his batting average quite a bit by walloping the ball five times.

Padrone and Violo, the two crackjack Cuban outfielders, have jumped the Jacksonville Club of the South Atlantic League and returned to their island home.

The St. Louis Americans are holding their own and the chances are that they will finish the season in the first division, something they haven't done in several years.

Clark Griffith's sturdy New York Americans are working hard to be on top, but he has a tough task whipping teams on their own grounds and the umpires at the same time.

Strange coincidence that Mathewson, Chesbro and Cy Young, the three star twirlers of the two big leagues, should all be on the wrong side of the win column at the same time.

The Boston clubs are making world's records this season. The Americans recently lost twenty successive games. Now come the Nationals with a grim determination to eclipse that record or perish in the attempt.

Pitcher Fred Mitchell of Brighton, formerly of the Boston Americans, is the winning pitcher for the Toronto Eastern league club. Recently he held Newark down to three hits and drove in the winning run with a hit in the tenth inning.

There are five playing managers in the American League and two in the National. The list is Collins, Griffith, Stahl, Lajole and Jones. Tenney and Chance of the Nationals are active, with Duffy and McGraw always in uniform on the bench.

FROM FAR CEYLON.

MARIA ESTATE.

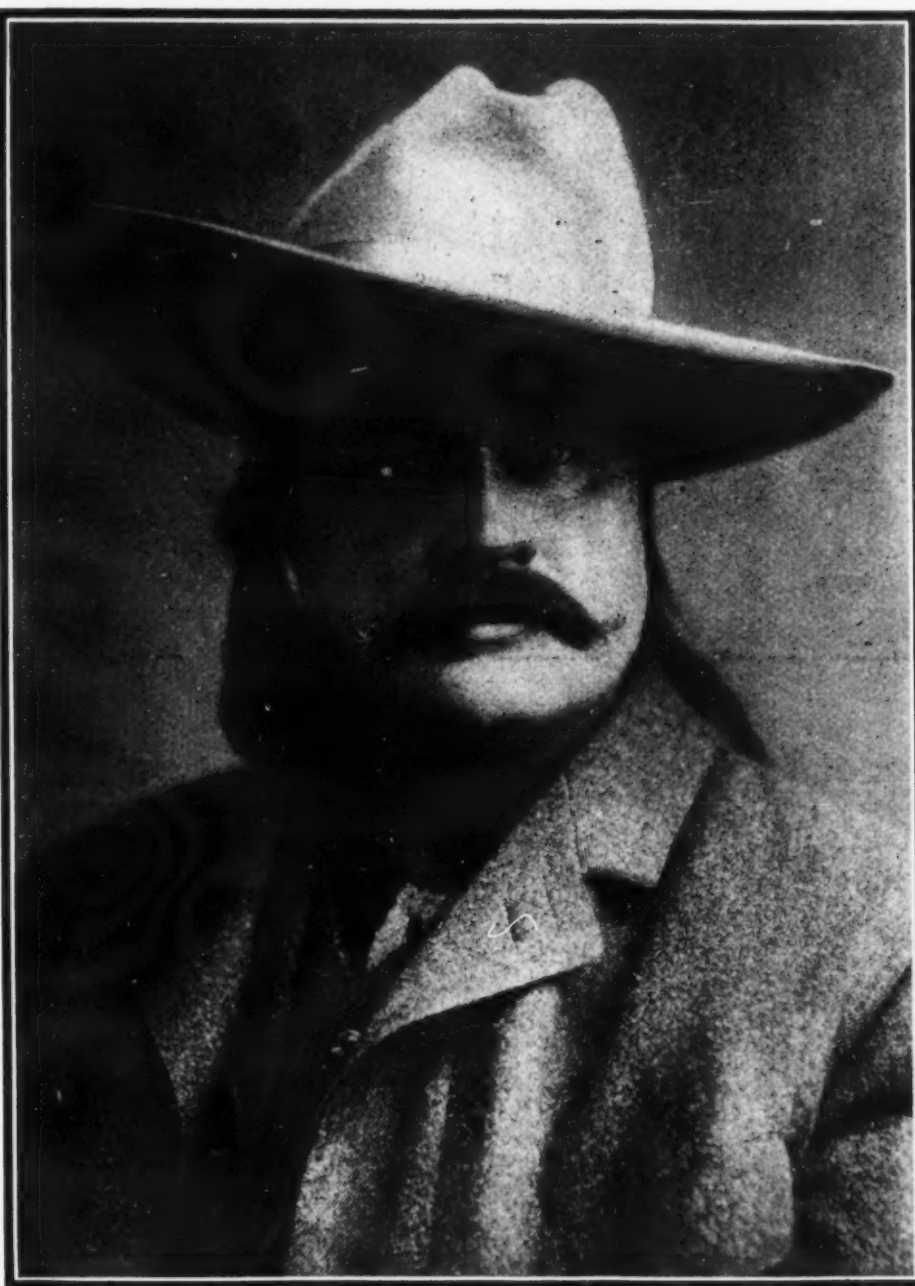
WATTEGAMA, CEYLON, April 15, 1906.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Please send me McFadden's punching bag platform, specially adapted for women. Price complete with bag, \$6 dollars. I enclose postal order for £1 7s. 6d. which allows two shillings for postage. I have heard a good deal about this punching bag and hope to be pleased with it.

Yours respectfully, ALICE BOUTSTEAD.

CHAMPION BARTENDERS

Are represented in Charley Mahoney's 1906 Bartender's Guide. He is head man at the Hoffman House, New York City. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.



PAWNEE BILL.

Major Gordon W. Lillie, who has Opened His Wild West Show and Frontier Exhibition at Brighton Beach, New York, for the Season of 1906.

players, and, furthermore, the umpire is protected by his employers and he has authority to discipline not only players, but spectators, in a very decided way, namely, in ejecting a player from the game as well as ejecting any offensive spectator from the grounds.

"During my days as an umpire it was my assigned duty to officiate at a game in Pittsburgh, between the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia Brotherhood teams, and during the course of the game I was compelled to send three Philadelphia players to the bench, owing to their severe criticisms and bad language.

"The result of the game was a victory for the Pittsburgh team, but the next day, while walking along the street, I was approached by a big, strong mill hand, who informed me that he was one of the spectators of the game the day before, and that it pleased him very much to see a little fellow like me control a lot of players like the Philadelphia team whom he classed as a lot of rowdies. Needless to say, all of this compliment was very pleasing to me, but the fellow spoiled it all by asking me to give him a pass to the game the next day. Having no such authority or privilege, I could not give him a pass, but I gave him fifty cents to pay his admission, which seemed to be very acceptable. However, whether my admiring friend attended the game the next day or not, I do not know.

"Another little incident comes to my mind in regard to umpiring, and that was in Boston, during a game between the Cleveland and Boston teams, and if my memory is correct, it was a Fourth of July.

"At any rate, the grounds were over-crowded, and

one of the most characteristic people that was ever interested or identified in the baseball business, namely, Mr. Chris Von der Ahe, of St. Louis, and, as people can verify my statement, he was extremely liberal to his players when they were doing good work and winning a fair percentage of their games, but, under other conditions, he was very critical and severe.

"The St. Louis team had had a very unsuccessful trip as far East as Philadelphia and had lost many games, and the climax came in Philadelphia, when the team had lost a game by a small margin, after having apparently had it won.

"I returned from the grounds in the same bus with the St. Louis team to the Continental Hotel, and, owing to an old restriction of the Continental Hotel, the players were not allowed to wear their ball shoes in the house on account of the plates damaging the carpets, so it was necessary for the players to use the reception room at the elevator to remove their shoes, and while the team was thus engaged, Von der Ahe closed the door and started in to deliver a little lecture in his very bad German dialect. His comments were something like this:

"Fellus, der is some o' dis team dat is drinking. Now, I don't want to mention any names, but Latham, you bedder look out. Now, whose ever shoe that fits can wear it."

"Needless to say that there was a decided burst of laughter and that evening in the hotel lobby in my presence, Latham over-drew his account \$250 and the next day the St. Louis team played a most startling

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THE CLEVER MANAGER

—NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN—

MAKES THE FIGHTER

American Pugilists Need to Have Men With Brains
and Executive Ability Behind Them.

OF COURSE, THEY ARE EXPECTED TO MAKE GOOD

Famous Boxers Who Have Made Fortunes, and Who Wouldn't Have Been
Heard of if They Hadn't Been Pushed.

The question has often been argued whether or not it is to a fighter's advantage to have a manager, and whether the latter is really worth the seemingly exorbitant share he sometimes receives of the fighter's earnings. Facts prove that there is but one answer—the really wise fighter will have a manager and the smartest one he can find. With a few exceptions, and they are extremely rare, every fighter who has attained prominence within the last twenty years, or who has accumulated a large amount of money, has had his ring career directed by a manager. In the first place, publicity, pretty nearly as much as ability, has to do with the making of a successful boxer. There is but one way to get it and that is through a manager. He mixes around with the newspaper men, club promoters and fight patrons; he spends his money freely; he never lets a chance slip by to boost his man or tell a story about him that will be printed; he never speaks of his faults, but always of his virtues; he keeps posted on sporting events and reads the papers; he has a good chance to gauge his man's popularity and estimate his drawing powers, and always has an eye to the main chance. When it comes to signing with a club he will try for the best percentage, often with a ten per cent. bonus on the side; he incorporates stipulations in the articles of agreement that work to the advantage of his protegee; he insists on a weight and a time for weighing that suits, and, best of all, if his fighter has a reputation, often picks out the comparatively easy ones and sidesteps the hard ones.

If there are several clubs bidding for the match, he

a purse as the fighter himself, minus a manager, would have secured. That is not fiction, but facts that can be verified by any representative manager or club promoter. One needs but look over the list of latter day boxers to see that those who were really successful had the guiding hand of an astute manager to guide them.

Probably the most successful of all was George Dixon, and the way in which he was managed is familiar to all who pretend to know anything about the boxing game. His manager watched over him like a guardian angel, protected him in the newspapers and picked out opponents for him that would draw the most money. He was probably the best managed boy in ring history. Jim Corbett had the wily Brady to send him to the fore, and the gigantic task the latter had in digging up the \$10,000 side bet for the Sullivan fight is well known. Had it not been for Brady the stake might not have been secured and Corbett would never have been able to gain the prominence he did. Brady also made Jeffries champion; at least he secured for him the opportunity of contesting for and winning the title. McGovern had Sam Harris, Kid Lavigne had Sam Fitzpatrick, Frank Erne was looked after by the late Jim Kennedy, Peter Jackson was piloted by Parson Davies, Peter Maher had John J. Quinn, George McFadden was guided by Billy Roche, Joe Bernstein and Lightweight Jack O'Brien by Jack Dougherty, Joe Gans was looked after by Al Herford, Oscar Gardner was managed by Paddy Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons by Martin Julian, Jack Root received instructions from Houseman, George Gardner from Billy Pierce, Dan Creedon had John Hopkins. Some of Joe Choyinski's most important contests were fought when he was managed by Parson Davies. Kid Broad was looked after by Joe Macias. Young Griffo was guided by Hughey Behan. Wilmington Jack Daly and Wild Bill Hanrahan took orders from Sam Fitzpatrick, Joe Walcott from his manager. Kid Carter first began to attract attention when Charley Bangs managed him. Jimmy McHale had the Kentucky Rosebud in most of his important fights. Although Jimmy Britt was supposed to be managerless, his father and Brother Willie had a lot to say when he signed for a fight. Tim Callahan did business through Billy Roche. Tommy Murphy has Johnny Oliver, Battling Nelson has Billy Nolan, and the Dane's worst enemies will admit that Nolan has surely been good to him. A hundred others could be cited. All of the above make money, and a couple of columns could be killed without exhausting the list.

The three supposedly shining examples of successful fighters who managed to get along by their own efforts are Tommy Ryan, Kid McCoy and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. While none of them had an out-and-out manager, they all received advice from outside sources that was beneficial. While in certain fights they did have somebody to look after their affairs, Tommy Ryan often went to Parson Davies or Sandy Griswold for advice when a problem presented itself, while Kid McCoy had George Grant and George Considine to fall back on when he needed advice. While O'Brien is popularly supposed to have done his own match-making and managing, he has always been influenced and advised by Walter Schlichter, the Philadelphia sporting writer. Had it not been that the latter was married and had a position on his paper that would not permit leaving home for a protracted stay he undoubtedly would have been associated with the clever Quaker in the same capacity as Fitzpatrick was with Lavigne.

As it is, all of O'Brien's fights in the East, especially around Philadelphia, were directed and arranged by Schlichter. That his efforts have been successful is evidenced by the fact that here is a middleweight knocking at the door of the heavyweight championship, and, with Jeffries out, with as good a chance of ultimate success as anybody on the horizon at present. It is often wondered just how the fighter and the manager split the receipts. There is no set rule. Sometimes they figure on the net and sometimes on the gross receipts. The percentage averages from 25 to 50 per cent. and others a full half. Other managers receive 50 per cent. of the gross and pay all expenses out of their share. No matter what his share is, the manager earns all he gets, and while his man uses brawn he uses the brains and pen. That pet question that is so popular with amateur debating societies about the pen having a shade over the sword is once more brought to mind.

Things haven't been coming any too easily for Young Corbett since he was beaten by Eddie Hanlon last June, and the two-time conqueror of Terry McGovern is anxious to get back in the harness. He has found it hard work to get a \$2,500 purse, and if a person had made that prediction two years ago he would have been considered a fit subject for the doleful house. That is all the matchmakers offered for a bout between him and Dick Hyland. Corbett was one of the most liberal of the money-getters, and he let it go with both hands. He made a barrel of it, but was a good fellow, as they say, and of course there could be but one sequel. He has hundreds of friends and admirers who

wish him well and hope he will be able to again work his way to the front ranks. It is now up to him.

CLARK GRIFFITH.

[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

"Sliding," says Clark Griffith, manager of the New York Americans, "is half of the game of baseball." Which is putting it rather strongly and probably was more than the manager meant, but he did mean the art of squirming into bases and eluding the touch of the ball was a big part of the game. It is a more important accomplishment, he declares, than is generally realized. He expressed his wonder that more of a study of it is not made by ball players.

"By a good slider I mean one who can get to the bag safely when the baseman has the ball in his hands ready to tag him," continued Griffith. "There are good sliders, but not half so many as there ought to be. In the two big leagues I don't suppose the average of first-class sliders is two to a club. Players don't give enough study to being proficient in this trick. They don't hit the ground often enough. They save themselves too much. I insist upon my players hitting the dirt at every possible chance. There could be great improvement in this department if more players would try to acquire the twist slide."

"Feet first is the only way. There are two ways of making the twist slide feet first. One is by crossing the left leg over the right, and the other by crossing the right leg over the left, throwing the body to the left. The principle is the same as a boy guiding a sled with his legs. The body is guided by the legs. Whether the body should be twisted to the right or left depends on where the baseman is. If he is taking the throw in front of the bag the idea is to throw the body outward

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Tommy Crawford, of Kane, Pa., bars no boxer at his weight.

Bob Russell, a fancy roller skater, will compete with anyone on the rollers for a trophy.

Harry Lynch, of Hoboken, N. J., a youthful sprinter, is looking for a match at 100 or 220 yards.

Jack McVey, of Kane, Pa., challenges any 126-pound boxer in the East, Eddie Kelly preferred.

Rooney and Lynn, two clever buck dancers who hail from Cleveland, Ohio, are out with a deft to any amateurs.

Charles Halstead, of the Seventh Battery, U. S. A., Fort Riley, Kan., challenges any rider in the army to meet him in a contest.

Kid Austin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., desires to challenge, through the POLICE GAZETTE, any ninety-pounder in Greater New York.

In a letter to the "Police Gazette" from Cambridge, Mass., Mike (Twin) Sullivan states that he is anxious to meet Willie Lewis, the New York welterweight, for a side bet. Sullivan is giving away weight



PRIVATE SIDNEY G. SMITH.

Of Company F, 29th Infantry, Champion Pole Vaulter of the United States Army and an Expert Bag Puncher.—Send Challenges to Chas. N. Ricus, 29th Infantry, Fort Douglas, Utah.

and away from him, if he is playing back the body is drawn toward the infield and away from him. The reasons are apparent. The chances are that the baseman will miss the body, and he has only the leg or foot to touch. That bothers him more than when he can touch the body.

"The cases I have just mentioned refer to sliding into second base. The third base slide is somewhat different. When a left-handed hitter is up, or a fast right-hander, third basemen can't play deep, and they are playing in on the grass a good deal of their time. To head off a steal they have to back up and yet watch the catcher. The head foremost slide is the best for third base, but for no other base. This is a different play altogether from the one at second base. The body is thrown out toward the outfield to elude the third baseman's reach, while the outstretched arm touches the bag. If the third baseman has had to back up he can't get you unless on the arm, and that is a small target to aim for. When the throw is coming from the catcher the runner never should slide in front of the third bag.

"As a rule shortstops have the better chances to get a man at second base, as the play is in front of them oftener than it is with the second baseman, who frequently is moving in the same direction as the runner. That is a situation that depends on what's doing, on what the signals are, who the batter is and what understanding there is between the pitcher, catcher and fielder. Pitchers pitch a good deal on what's doing on the bases.

"I believe there are times when it is a good thing to slide for first base. No time is gained by doing it, but a fast man like Harry Bay often fools the umpires by doing it. If it is a dry day and he hits the ground seven or eight feet in front of the bag he raises a cloud of dust which makes it all the harder for an umpire to see whether he beat the throw or not. I've seen many a man steal a base hit by sliding to first.

when he offers to battle Lewis, but the fighting Twin is willing to waive this question if the New Yorker will box him. Some of the New England or Philadelphia clubs would do well to put this bout on.

Billy Yourall, of Pittsburg, Pa., a likely colored welterweight boxer, is anxious to get on a match with any in his class and doesn't care where.

"Duke," a 36-pound pit bull trained by Owen Pickett and Charles Hurst, of Engine Company 15, St. Louis, Mo., has won 27 straight battles and is backed for big money.

Yock Gleason, a prominent featherweight who has many admirers in the upper section of New York City, would like to meet Jockey Gould, of Brooklyn, for any number of rounds.

Benny Franklin, the Baltimore bantam, would like to meet Bunny Ford, of Bridgeport, Conn., for any number of rounds before any club, and he can be addressed in care of this office.

Young Plening, of New York, a sturdy wrestler, would like to have it out on the mat with A. Kaiser, who hails from Auburn, N. Y. Any style will suit Plening, and he is not particular how soon.

George McFadden, the New York lightweight, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently and stated that he was anxious to meet Jeff Doherty, of New Haven, Conn., for any number of rounds.

Ted Miller, of Angola, N. Y., who is a well-known breeder of pit games, is a champion one-armed boxer and bag puncher, and he challenges any man in the United States to meet him in a contest.

Fred Beel has posted a forfeit of \$1,000 to bind a match with Frank Gotch. This match has been talked of for some time, but sport promoters of New York and Buffalo are unable to get the men together.

Owen McNally, of Girardville, Pa., writes that he has two men in his charge that he is willing to match with Bob Smith, of Troy, N. Y., the sprinter, whose challenge appeared in a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. McNally writes that he will back either one for \$500 a side in a 110-yard dash.

THE 1906 BARTENDER'S GUIDE

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works both sides against the centre and selects the offer that looks the best, and oftentimes gets twice as large

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PUGILISTIC and SPORTING STATISTICS in a Neat Form—THE POLICE GAZETTE ANNUAL



THE LUNCH HOUR.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN ON THE ROOF OF A BIG OFFICE BUILDING IN NEW YORK CITY
ENJOYING THEMSELVES SKIPPING THE ROPE.



OPEN AIR FENCING.

PROF. LOUIS SENAC AND ONE OF THE CLEVEREST AND FAIREST OF HIS PUPILS, WHO HAS
JUST SCORED ON HIM, AND DUCKED A RETURN.



"COME IN; THE WATER'S WARM."

SCENE AT A POPULAR SWIMMING PLACE ON THE NORTH RIVER, NEW YORK, ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON WHEN THE WATER IS JUST RIGHT.



HERE'S A GOOD ONE.

A DIFFICULT AND VENTURESOME BACK DIVE FROM A SPRINGBOARD IN THE NORTH RIVER IN WHICH THE DARING DIVER WILL LAND ALL RIGHT.

HACK AND JEFF MAY

—WRESTLING GLADIATOR WANTS TO WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP—

FIGHT FOR THE TITLE

**Ambitious Promoters, Not Satisfied with Small Affairs,
Match Champions—Supreme Court says Illegal.**

SELLING MEMBERSHIPS UNDOUBTEDLY EVADED LAW

**Small Talk in Pugilism—Manager McCarey Makes Some Good Matches.
Fitzsimmons in Evidence Again—Joe Bowker Beaten.**

Hackenschmidt, the wrestler, having established himself securely as the champion grappler of the world, is now ambitious to add to his title that of heavyweight champion boxer and I have it from good authority that he is seeking a match with Jim Jeffries. Having conquered everything in his field, as Jeffries has proven himself an easy master in the ring, the Russian Lion believes that they should meet, and he is willing to meet the champion on his own ground. For several years Hackenschmidt has been practicing the fist art in England and on the Continent as a side line. However, he has never met any of the big fighters. It is not likely that Jeffries will come out of his retirement to meet the wrestler, until he has proven himself the superior of Rubin, Sharkey and Fitzsimmons.

The venturesome promoters who went into court with a film-fam argument upon which they expected to upset the law in New York State which prohibits boxing, received a jolt from which it is doubtful if they can ever sufficiently recover to try to revive interest in the fighting game again. Magistrate Breen, before whom the case was brought, held McGovern, Britt and the managers of the show at Madison Square Garden, and gave his reasons briefly, as follows:

The question to be determined in this proceeding involves the interpretation of Section 458 of the Penal Code as applied to the testimony offered in behalf of the prosecution and of the defence.

That part of the section bearing on the conduct of the defendants reads:

"A person who within this State engages in, instigates, aids, encourages or does any act to further a contention or fight, without weapons, between two or more persons, or a fight commonly called a ring or prizefight, either within or without the State, or who engages in a public or private sparring exhibition, with or without gloves, within the State, at which an admission fee is charged or received, either directly or indirectly * * * is guilty of a misdemeanor."

This contains three distinct and well defined prohibitions; first, against a contention or fight without weapons within the State; second, against a ring or prizefight, within or without the State, and, third, against a public or private sparring exhibition at which an admission fee is charged.

There is nothing in the evidence before me to show that a prizefight took place on the date mentioned, and, therefore, that question need not be considered.

The first question, therefore, to be discussed is, Was there such a contention or fight, although not a prizefight, as to bring it within the prohibition of the statute?

Police Officer Howe testified that he witnessed the encounter between Britt and McGovern, and that in his judgment it constituted a prizefight. This statement was evidently intended as a description of something more fierce and desperate than a sparring exhibition.

As to the second proposition, whether an admission fee was charged, the uncontradicted testimony of two police officers, Mallon and Murphy, shows that charges of admission were made, not only directly, but that the sale of admission cards was openly, publicly and indiscriminately carried on. There seems to have been a defiant and reckless disregard of the penal statute under the supposed protection of a delusive subterfuge. The farcical legerdemain in the pretended initiation of a multitude of so-called members was a crude and impudent attempt to make the law a mockery.

The section in question, while it condemns brutal ring fights, permits, under certain conditions, sparring exhibitions for legitimate social amusement and proper physical culture, but in this case the provisions of that section have been used as a cloak to make merchandise of their violation.

Prizefighting or anything akin to it, such as this encounter seems to have been, is hostile to our modern civilization. But whether such exhibitions are liked or disliked by few or by many matters not; the law is against them, and the law above all things must be upheld. The section of the Penal Code invoked in this case can have no meaning at all if it is not to prevent the doing of the very things of which these defendants are apparently guilty.

I therefore direct that formal complaints be made against these defendants, that warrants issue and the defendants be held to answer.

When the matter was brought before the Supreme Court on an appeal, Justice Giegerich wrote this on the boxing game by denying the motion.

News comes from Los Angeles that if the present plans of Tom McCarey do not miscarry the featherweight championship of the world will be decided in that city before Fall. It is McCarey's idea to match Jimmy Walsh with Joe Bowker, the English champion, the winner of this fight to be matched with

BOXERS AND ATHLETES.

The Best Book in the world is written by Jim Corbett, the best boxer. It is No. 9 of Fox's Athletic Library, and contains 46 full-page illustrations. 10 cts.; postage 3c. extra.

the winner of the fight between Frankie Neil and Abe Attell.

It is thought a series of battles along these lines would prove immensely popular and make a fitting substitute for some of the battles among the lightweights that are impossible at this time. Speaking about Los Angeles, by the way, Manager McCarey has instilled confidence in his club again by issuing the edict that Herrera could never fight in Los Angeles again. Now, if the rest of the managers throughout the country would take the same stand, says Otto Floto, it would put a stop to fellows like the Mexican disappointing spectators and others like Joe Gans giving them the double cross. This action on the part of the manager of the Pacific Athletic Club vindicates him and stamps as false the reports that went the rounds that he got Herrera to do as he did in order to save the \$20,000 purse, as the house did not warrant giving that amount. Then, too, they have attached Herrera's bank account to make him pay the forfeit money. All these things look well for McCarey.

If the fighting game was rid of about one-half of the men that are hanging to it—well, there would be



KID DUFRESNE.

A 115-pound Boxer of Lewiston, Me., who is Looking for Trouble with anyone in his class.

fighting in every city in the land right at this time. It's the fighters themselves that kill the golden goose, and not the authorities, as is often supposed. Of course, once in a great while you get hold of a narrow-minded, pin-head official who thinks he is Teddy Roosevelt and everyone else moulded into one. Well, you can't help that. But as a general rule the officials are liberal and broad-minded and if you are on the square with them they will be so with you. As I have often stated in these columns before, it's the fighter and not the official that stops boxing contests.

Tommy Burns, the son of Italy with the Irish patronymic, who hopes one day to tack the title of champion after his name, can go back to his home

on the shores of Lake Michigan conscious of the fact that it wasn't his fault that his match with Bob Fitzsimmons fell through. Fitz attended to that all right, and now that it is off a fact or two on the inside might not be amiss—just to show where a fighter lacks diplomacy and should never interfere with the business end and political end of his calling.

This one is on Fitz—wily old Bob—that is, wily in the ring, but one of the easiest marks in the world outside.

The day before his battle with Burns was scheduled, Fitz heard rumors that the Governor might stop the affair. Rushing to a telegraph office he grabbed a blank and sent a telegram to Mr. Pennypacker.

Here is the telegram: "Will my fight with Burns take place to-morrow night?"

Pipe that. See the word "fight." Shake a red rag in a bull's eyes and you'll get the same effect that word had on the Governor of Pennsylvania.

And here is the answer:

"The fight to which you refer will NOT take place."

If Bob Fitzsimmons had kept away from that telegraph office the club management would have saved money, and their club might have been doing business this very moment. Instead, hundreds of dollars have been spent in attorneys' fees besides the waste of good opportunities.

If the words "boxing bout" had been used Fitz might have had some excuse. But he went out hunting for trouble, and who will say that he did not get it?

Reminds me again of that incident at Texarkana when he deliberately left the car in Texas where he was safe, and walked into another which was across the line in Arkansas, and handed himself over to a sheriff just to get out of fighting Jim Corbett at Hot Springs.

The announcement that Joe Bowker had been trimmed by another English boxer named James Driscoll caused a great deal of surprise here, where it was supposed that Bowker was head and shoulders above all the other English boys at the weight. The bout took place at the National Sporting Club, London, May 28, which was the date set for the Attell-Bowker championship battle, and Driscoll won so decisively that the referee had no option but to give the decision to the latter.

When Jim Corbett was the main squeeze of a booze emporium on Broadway, I used to watch him by the hour handing out the glad mitt to visiting admirers from Penn Yan, N. Y., Medicine Hat, Iowa, Frazier, Mich., and other prominent centres of sporting activity, and think if Grand Central Pete, Ike Vail and Hungry Joe could only see him perform, they would certainly hand him the candy; but while Corbett enjoyed all the requisite qualities of a first-class hand-shaker, Kid McCoy had him beaten to a whisper for the variety and unique methods he was frequently forced to adopt to get the "whosoever will and the Oh be joyful" purchasing commodity vulgarly alluded to as money; for he it known that the festive Kid didn't always enjoy the luxury of owning a gasoline buggy, and didn't stand knee deep in coupons whenever he went into his safe deposit vault as he does now. Gym Bagley tells this one on Mr. Selby, of Indiana, the name he now prefers to be known by. When he was matched to box Jack O'Brien in Philadelphia the Kid went to White Plains to train. He hired a small cottage on premises.

"If I'd only hung on to all I made in the ring," said he the first day we were up there, "I could buy half this town."

And he could have at that.

But any time the Kid went short of anything he wanted it wasn't where the thing grew. The next day he took a stroll around the village to inspect some desirable property with a view to purchasing a country home. And the hecks up there fell over themselves in their hurry to land him.

Of course, he might buy the cottage he had rented, although it was rather small in which to hold week-end parties of considerable numbers. When it comes to handing out the swell bull, McCoy has everything running backward.

It only took until the third day for the results to show. The butcher drove up with some choice cuts.

"Would Mr. McCoy accept them? The butcher had often seen Mr. McCoy in the ring. He had often won money backing him in his fights."

Mr. McCoy didn't know. His caterer in New York always attended to such matters, with which, of course, he couldn't be bothered. However—after a pause—as he intended to make an extended stay in White Plains, which wasn't at all a bad country residence, he believed in encouraging home industry. Yes, the butcher might leave the cuts.

The grocer had come under the wire a close second, and all the others who dig up things you have to have were tied for third place.

The Kid lived like a country gentleman, only more so, until he left for Philadelphia to split a piece of the public change with O'Brien.

White Plains gave him a great send-off at the station. They have the memory of that event lingering with them still. To say nothing of a few bills.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

BOXERS, HERE'S AN OFFER.

Don't pay for a set of boxing gloves when you can get them for nothing. If you will send \$6 for a year's subscription to the "Police Gazette" a fine set same as those used in great ring contests—will be sent you.

GOOD AMATEUR BOUTS.

One of the best amateur boxing tournaments ever held in New England was that conducted by the Roanoke Club, at Boston, Mass., on June 11. The summary: 105-pound class, trials—James Rothwell, East Boston, 105, won from Harry Rosen, Boston, 105, in two rounds. James Mullen, East Boston, 106, beat Max Baker, Boston, 107, in three rounds. Final—James Rothwell beat James Mullen in two rounds.

115-pound class, trials—Thomas Stanton, South Boston, 114, won from M. Miller, Boston, 113, in three rounds. F. Miller, Boston, 115, beat Bert Crowell, Boston, 115, in four rounds. Final—Thomas Stanton got the award over F. Miller in three rounds.

Special bouts—F. Strangel, Boston, 120, won from Bert Mooney, Boston, 125, in three rounds. Kid Victor, Boston, 93, beat H. Cassidy, Boston, 98, in four rounds. John Stanton, South Boston, 115, won over Ed Daniels, Boston, 117, in four rounds. Angus McDougal, South Boston, 105, beat Tom Keough, Boston, 106, in two rounds.

DANNY MAHER ON SPEARMINT

**Famous American Jockey Won English
Derby and Grand Prix.**

The most sensational turf happening of the year so far has been the remarkable performances of the English-bred three-year-old Spearmint. On May 30, under conditions that were heretofore considered impossible for him, Spearmint romped home a winner in the classic blue ribbon event of the English turf—the Epsom Derby.



From 1906 Police Gazette Sporting Annual.

DANNY MAHER.

**He has made an Envyable Record for Himself
by Riding Three English Derby Winners.**

som Derby. In that event Spearmint defeated the equine giants of Great Britain in such decisive fashion that the Britons were actually astounded at the performance.

Following up this victory, Spearmint was sent over to France to race in the Grand Prix de Paris. Pitted against him were the best three-year-olds of continental Europe, and, despite his Derby win, Major Eustace Lodge's colt was generally conceded but second place to W. K. Vanderbilt's Maintenon, which had previously won the French Derby and was considered practically unbeatable in his own country.

Spearmint easily disposed of Maintenon early in the running, and galloped off with the richest turf prize of France in about the same manner as he had disposed of the field in the English Derby.

In all his races this season Spearmint has been ridden by Danny Maher, the American jockey, and to him is given the main credit for the colt's grand showing. In the Epsom Derby Maher nursed Spearmint along in masterly fashion, and never made a move until the field had well straightened away from Tattenham Corner. Then he gave his mount free rein, and, coming from the rack, caught the leaders tiring at the end, amid tumultuous applause landed Spearmint a winner by a scant length in front of Picton, ridden by the eminent amateur rider, Mr. George Thursby.

Spearmint's Epsom Derby victory netted him about \$52,000, while the Grand Prix de Paris was almost equal in value, so that counting his win in the Manchester Cup earlier in the season Spearmint's earnings this season total close to \$125,000.

Danny Maher's magnificent handling of the colt, both in the Derby and the Grand Prix have been described as most masterly exhibitions of jockeyship, and further emphasizes what has been beseechingly accorded to by our English cousins, that the American rider is the peer of any jockey riding in England or Europe.

NEARY'S DECISION.

Charley Neary, of Milwaukee, Wis., received the decision over Kid Goodman, the New England boxer, at the Lincoln A. C., Chelsea, Mass., on June 14, in a gruelling fifteen-round argument.

Gameness was the best thing Goodman showed, although he occasionally used a left hand jab with effect. The local boy was badly cut up, and nothing short of his wonderful capacity for punishment saved him from a knockout.

Neary displayed a style that is used by Battling Nelson. He never took a backward step during the fifteen rounds, no matter how hard the Kid scored. The Dutchman was continually boring in, whipping pile-driving rights on to the body and face. Claret flowed from his nose early in the fight, but aside from that he showed no marks.

For the first six rounds it was an even fight. The boys were at it at a terrific pace. Most of the milling was at short range, and there was little to choose between them at the end of the sixth.

Neary came out strong in the seventh and forced Goodman all over the ring, weakening him with straight rights to the heart. From that on the battle was all in favor of the Dutchman.

In the twelfth and thirteenth rounds Goodman displayed wonderful gameness. He stayed through each session by clinching at every opportunity. Neary tried hard for a knockout in the last two rounds, but Goodman was up at the finish, although beaten to a frazzle and almost exhausted.

MANY POKER CHIPS

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We Like to Air Our Knowledge and Are Always Pleased to Give You Accurate
Information to Settle Various Wagers.

W. J. R., Coshocton, O.—What is James J. Jeffries' address? Los Angeles, Cal.

W. P. Conley, Round Pond, Me.—Like Swift's stories will be published in book form in the Fall.

W. C., Merchantville, N. J.—Value depends upon its tone and condition. Better get the opinion of some expert.

Reader.—Pitch; A was 10; B 8; C 7; B bid 3 and made low, Jack and game; A made high; who goes out? A goes out.

Reader, Richmond, Va.—Poker; If A is the dealer and B goes blind; everybody passes except A; B draws

J. T., Hambleton, W. Va.—When was Maud S., the famous trotting horse born? Fouled 1874, at Spring Station, Ky.

A. P., Chicago.—Let me know how many fighters by the name of Joe Phillips there are in the ring? Never heard of any.

G. M., Brooklyn.—A places a bet on a horse across the board, and he comes in second; does he get second and third or second only? Second and third if the bookmaker quotes a third price.

B. K., Manitowoc, Wis.—Dice; A shakes three fours and two fives, a full house; B shakes three fours

played first base for the Giants some years ago. 2. The management of the White Sox was offered to Jones May 20, 1904, and accepted by him June 8, 1904.

Reader, Oswego, N. Y.—Can you tell me the name of a popular sporting paper in Australia? The Sportsman, Melbourne, N. S. W.

Subscriber, New York.—1. East Fourteenth St., New York City. 2. Write him in care of Mr. Schlichter, in care of The Item, Philadelphia, Pa.

O. C., Gunter, Tex.—Inform me as to what time the Fitzsimmons and Corbett fight took place? March 17, 1897. During the afternoon.

T. H. K., Susquehanna, Pa.—Where was the match race between Cresceus and The Abbot held? Brighton Beach race track, Brooklyn, Aug. 15, 1901.

P. D., Salem, Mass.—1. Cleveland took the lead in the American League race of 1905 on May 6. 2. Parent outfielded Wagner in the world's series of 1903.

T. D., New York.—Is there any place in New York that gives boxing lessons? Prof. Deforest, Lenox Lyceum, Fifty-ninth street and Lexington Ave., N. Y.

J. P. C., Brooklyn.—A bets that John L. Sullivan was never champion of the world; B bets he was? A wins; Sullivan never won the title of world's champion.

A. V., San Francisco.—Cassino; A has 30 points; B has 25 points; A claims points wins the game and B claims cards and spades wins the game? Cards and spades count last.

G. G., Granton, N. S.—What two men did Young Corbett fight on Dec. 20, 1905? What is Corbett's address now? L. No record of two in one day. 2. Hotel Metropole, New York.

J. M., Portchester, N. Y.—Game of poker; after the cards are dealt, and on the second deal should a card be turned up by the dealer to a player, is that party forced to accept that card or can he wait until all parties have their cards and then draw the last card? He need not take the exposed card.

A. B. R., Calcutta, India.—Is Tommy Burns (Noah Brusso) the coming heavyweight champion, and has his photo appeared? What are Joe Butler and Joe Jenette; if first-class men why not give us their pictures in the "Police Gazette"? 1. He is a possibility. His photo has appeared in the "Police Gazette." 2. They are a long ways from being first class.

Pugilistic Notes.

Terry McGovern has gone to the Berkshire hills for a rest.

Fred Landers and Jack Clifford will meet at Grass Valley, Cal., July 3.

Tommy Burns has been offered a chance to box Jack O'Brien at Seattle on July 4.

The New York papers announce that Willie Lewis and Joe Gans will meet in Chelsea.

Matty Matthews is confined in a sanitarium at Islip, N. Y., having shown signs of insanity recently.

Philadelphia and Boston is now the Mecca of the boxers since the game has been stopped in New York.

James Coffroth, the pugilistic promoter, of San Francisco, announces that he will put on his first bout in August.

The bout between Santry and McAllen, which was to take place at Hammond, Ind., was postponed indefinitely.

Andy Stevenson, the welterweight boxer, is developing into a star ball player, and is playing with the Galveston (Tex.) team.

The Hugo Kelly and Dave Barry contest that was billed to take place at Lyons, Ill., was declared off, as the sheriff was there with a squad of officers.

The boxing fans of Los Angeles have taken such a dislike to Herrera on account of the recent fiasco, that they hiss and groan at him on the street.

Harry Corbett, Jimmy Coffroth and other San Francisco boxing promoters talk about locating at Los Angeles, and there is likely to be a clash with the promoters of that city.

Boxing is now in full swing through Connecticut. New Haven, Waterbury, Bridgeport and Meriden are the cities where the manly art is allowed under the supervision of the police.

* There are many stranded fighters in New York, and some of them are a good ways from home.

Miah Murray, the popular Boston, Mass., sporting man, and manager of the Lincoln A. C., of



R. MURRAY.

A Well-known Newsdealer of Carondelet and Gravier Streets, New Orleans, who is also a Comedian with the Earl Stock Company.

Chelsea, Mass., announces that he will have bouts only between boxers from the bantam to the welterweight class.

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TWO GAME ONES.

A 6 lb. 2 oz. and a 6 lb. 1 oz. Yellow Leg Red. Bred by Fred. H. Thiele, of 931 Centre Street, Milwaukee, Wis., both of whom have Won Their Spurs.

two cards; A discards three, and draws two and then pitches the deck on the table and discovers that he has only four cards; B objects to him getting a card off the deck? A's hand is dead.

G. C. H., Grover Hill, O.—State if Bob Fitzsimmons is bald headed, as shown in the photographs and cuts of him which have appeared from time to time? He is quite bald and wears a toupee. Ten cents is the price of Police Gazette Sporting Annual at stores.

W. C., Richmond, Va.—A and B playing a game of pool; the object ball is frozen to the cushion; A calls safety and strikes the object ball causing it to leave the cushion; it does not return to the cushion, nor does his cue ball strike the cushion; is this a scratch; does he forfeit a ball? No.

and two fives in two shakes and he wants to call it a tie; A says "No, you have to take the other shake?" B can waive his right to a third shake, same as a poker player can stand pat on a hand.

E. R., Garrett, Ind.—Did Doolin, now playing with the Philadelphia Nationals ever play with the New York Giants? In what month and year did Jones become manager of the Chicago White Sox? 1. Doolin never played with the Giants. Charley Dooley

NOTICE TO CARD PLAYERS.

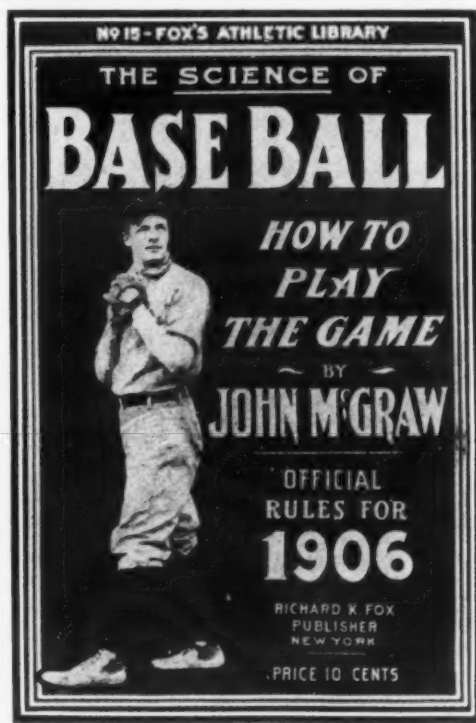
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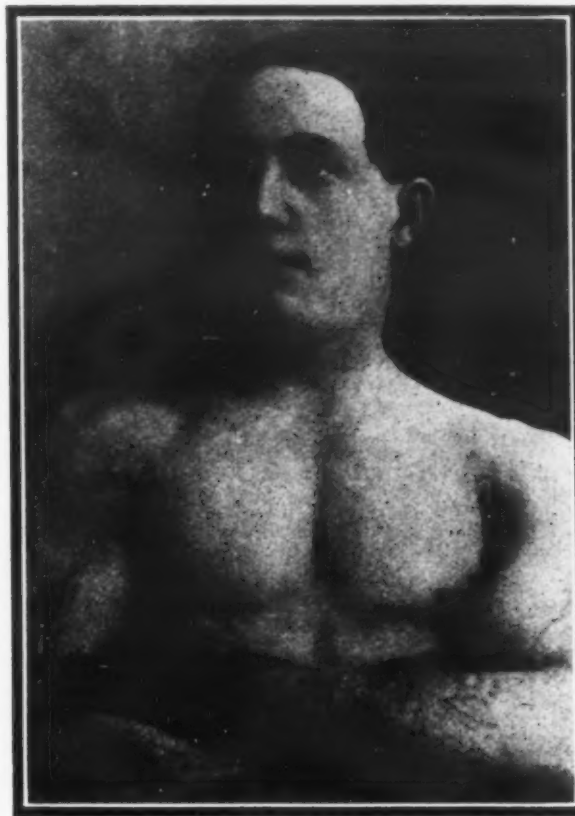
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THE CRACK BASEBALL TEAM OF VALLEY PARK, MO., 1905 CHAMPIONS OF ST. LOUIS COUNTY, READY FOR ALL COMERS THIS SEASON.



TOMMY CRAWFORD.

HE IS A CRACK BOXER OF KANE, PA., WHO ISSUES A CHALLENGE.



DUKE.

A ST. LOUIS, MO., BULL WHO HAS WON TWENTY-SEVEN BATTLES.



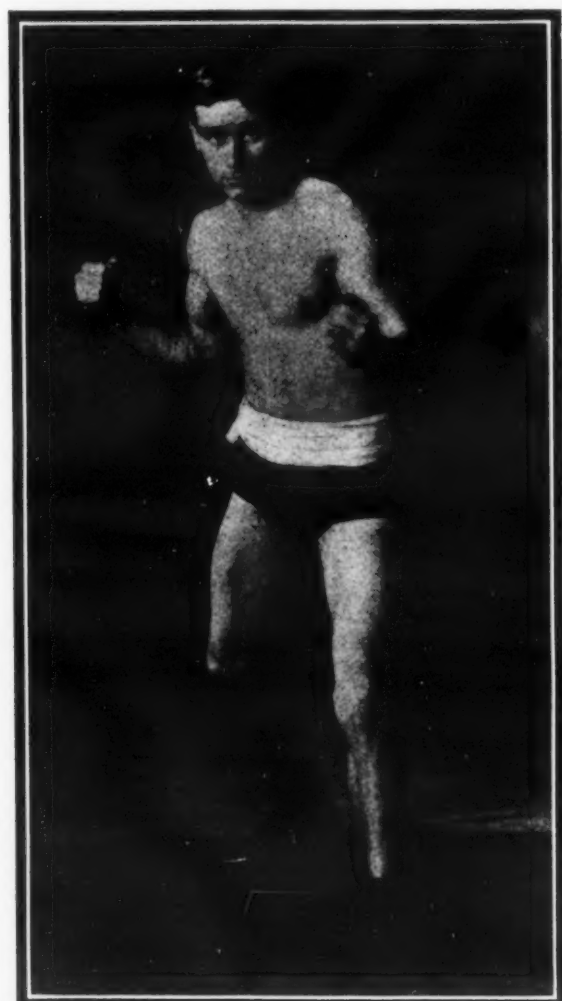
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THOROUGHbred TERRIERS OWNED BY DON LAYMAN, MANCERONA, MICH.



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AN ATHLETIC SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips
in This Column.



Tony Ferina, of 1000 N. Claiborne avenue, New Orleans, La., besides being a good drink mixer is an all-around athlete. He is handy with the gloves, speedy on the cinder path, and takes a great interest in athletics in general. Mr. Ferina is popular with the Southern people and is always voted a good fellow.

BARTENDERS CONTEST IS A GREAT ONE

This story has been told a great many times in this column, but repetition hasn't hurt it a bit.

In fact, it has helped it along, and the result is one of the most successful contests ever conducted by this or any other paper.

Here are the prizes:

FIRST PRIZE—\$75.00 Gold Medal.

SECOND PRIZE—\$50.00 Gold Medal.

THIRD PRIZE—\$25.00 Gold Medal.

All you have to do is to get up a recipe for a new drink.

Use your brains a bit.

This competition is arranged with the sole object in view of encouraging American bartenders.

Send in a recipe, anyhow.

It may be a winner.

ELSIERINE FLIP.

(By Jas. G. Avery, Little Rock, Ark.)

One and a half jiggers of Sherry wine; three dashes Vermouth; two cherries; three small lumps of ice; juice of half a lemon; four dashes Rock Candy syrup.

ARRACK PUNCH.

(By Bennie Jones, Newport News, Va.)

Use punch glass full of ice, then fill glass full of Mindre Sot Arrack punch; three dashes Orange brandy; dress with fruit in season and serve with straws and an olive on side.

A LEWY.

(By William O'Dell, Newark, O.)

One jigger of Ralmer-Heinly Company's Tomato Toner; half jigger brandy; add hot water; stir thoroughly; float five cloves; serve in short stemmed highball glass with spoon and one reception wafer. If served cold, use ice, same as in Gin Rickey.

BRANDY POUSSE CAFE.

(By Adolph Bengin, San Francisco.)

Raspberry syrup; Gordon & Dilworth Blackberry brandy; Felix Collatin Orange brandy; w. E. Addison Peach brandy; Nuyens Apricot brandy; Tockinks Cherry brandy; Hennessy Cognac. With care these brandies can be blended into a most beautiful and clean cutousse cafe.

ROOSEVELT COCKTAIL.

(By Nicholas Resteve, New Orleans, La.)

Take large mixing glass full of cracked ice; three dashes gum syrup; three dashes Orange bitters; one dash Absinthe; one jigger Gordon gin; one jigger Sherry wine; one jigger White wine; one dash Jamaica rum. Stir well, strain in Manhattan glass, twist lemon peel on top and serve with cherry or crystalized fruit.

MORRISON'S FIRST DEFEAT.

Johnny Morrison, who is Tommy Ryan's protege, and under careful handling by the veteran boxer was making rapid strides in the featherweight division, met his first defeat at the hands of Benny Yanger at Benton Harbor, Mich., on June 15, in the ninth round of what was scheduled to be a ten-round battle.

For five rounds he more than held his own with

\$513 PROFIT IN 51 DAYS ON AN INVESTMENT OF \$150

Was the Result of the Operation of One

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Yanger, and those who saw him dispose of Clarence Forbes, Walter Parker, Mike Munger, Kid Abel and others looked for Yanger to fall before Morrison. But Yanger, who trained hard for the bout and entered the ring fit for a championship battle, jabbed Morrison into submission, and in the seventh round started out for a knockout. It came in the ninth in Morrison's corner. Yanger landed a hard left to the base and crossed the right to the jaw. Morrison fell helpless and was counted out by Referee Abe Pollock.

YOUNG PETER WON.

Young Peter Jackson was awarded the decision over Sam Langford, of Boston, in the beginning of the fifth round at Southbridge, Mass., on June 13. The end came rather suddenly, Langford claiming that he had been injured and that he could not continue.

Up to that time the bout was even, with the men working hard.

There was considerable clinching, with Jackson doing most of the holding. Langford appeared to be a trifle more clever than usual. His speed in the first and second rounds surprised those who have watched him perform in other contests.

In the preliminaries Johnny Sheehan, of Boston, knocked out Kid Williams, of Lowell, in the fourth round.

In the semi-final Duke Ferguson quit cold in the first round with Jack Curran, of Springfield, Mass.

FLAHERTY FAT, BUT CLEVER.

John A. Sullivan and Martin Flaherty went twelve rounds to a draw at the Gloucester (Mass.) A. C., on June 11. The agreement was that the bout should be declared a draw if both men were on their feet at the finish. This understanding was fortunate for Sullivan, for Flaherty had it all over him, landing at will, but for some reason failing to score a knockout.

Flaherty was very fat, while Sullivan was in prime condition, which may account for the result. The bout was rather tame in spots, and it looked as if Flaherty did not try very hard to put Sullivan out.

In the preliminaries Joe Young, of Chelsea, was knocked out in four rounds by Battling Soutel, of Boston. Young had all the best of it till the fourth round. Kid York, of East Boston lost to Danny Ryan, of Chelsea, in four rounds. This was another surprise, for it looked like York all the way.

A good-sized crowd was present. Jack Sheehan was the referee.

SALOON SUPPLIES.

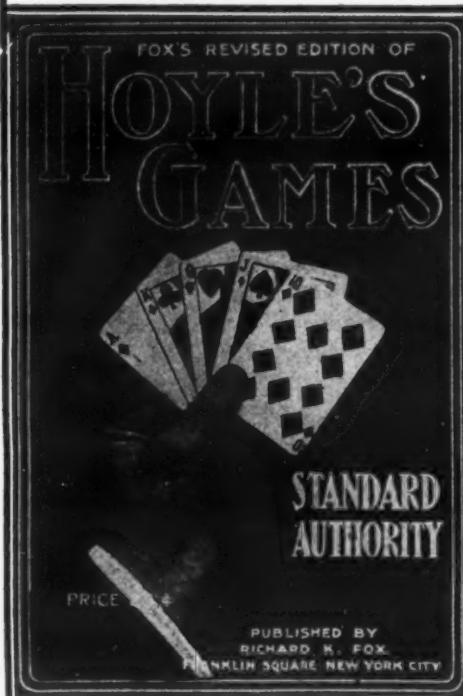
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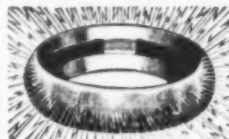
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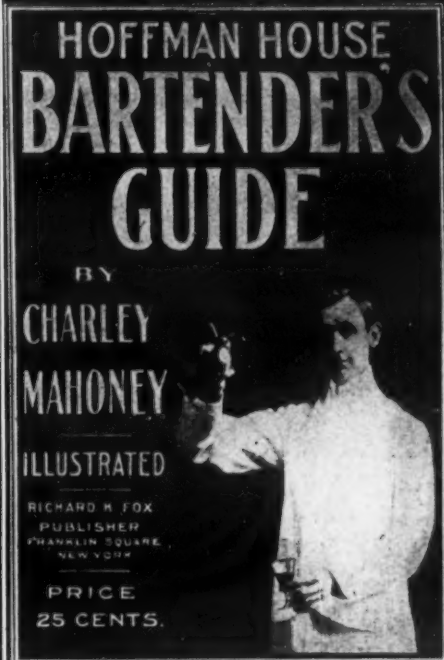
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Gabriel Statil, of 1630 Penn avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., is an expert tonsorialist, who is well-known in the Smoky City. He has a large acquaintance among the sporting fraternity in that section of the country, and is the barber and manager of Silver Claude, a local boxer. Mr. Statil is well posted on athletics, and for many years a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE.

CHAMPION LADY SWIMMER.

The wonderful young woman athlete and swimmer from Australia, Miss Annette Kellerman, lowered all records for distance in a trial on the Danube River, at Vienna, Austria, recently, swimming a distance of 38 kilometers, or something over 26 miles, in 3 hours and 11 minutes.

All previous records for women swimmers in no way approach the feat of Miss Kellerman, and she now rightly claims the title of champion long distance woman swimmer of the world. She is now twenty years old, 5 feet, 7 inches in height and weighs 140 pounds, and is a splendid example of physical development in a woman. Her muscular development is such that she shows wonderful strength and endurance.

Before Miss Kellerman's recent record on the Danube the best previous performance by a woman was that of Miss Beckwith, who made a record of twenty miles in the Thames, swimming with the current, in the time of 6 hours and 25 minutes.

Excellent portraits of Miss Kellerman have appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE.

NO COMMENT NECESSARY.

The POLICE GAZETTE, that good old stand-by of legitimate sport, has bobbed to the top of the journalistic sea like a cork. A clever writer, who is evidently writing under the nom de plume of Ike Swift, is attracting attention to its columns by the best series of realistic tales of New York life that have ever appeared. He is not only forcible but natural, a rare gift in these days, and if he is a young man, there is a fine future in store for him. Somehow or other, Mr. Richard K. Fox can always be depended on to spring a pleasant surprise at the most opportune time.—From Buffalo (N. Y.) Truth, Mark S. Hubbard, Editor and Proprietor.

THOMAS-DONOVAN DRAW.

Mike Donovan, of the Rochester, N. Y., welterweight, journeyed to Terre Haute, Ind., where he met Joe Thomas, the Pacific Coast welterweight, on June 11, in a bout which resulted in a draw.

Donovan made a good impression with the Westerners and he will probably be matched to meet Thomas again.

GANS BESTS LEWIS.

Joe Gans bested Harry Lewis, of Philadelphia, at the National A. C., Philadelphia, on June 15, in a six-round argument. Gans appeared to be in fairly good shape, but seemed unable to land the short snappy punches that won for him the championship.

Lewis appeared to be somewhat afraid of Gans in the early rounds of the bout, but after he had knocked Gans down in the first round and found that he could reach the colored man with his left-hand jabs he became more aggressive, and at times he mixed it up with Gans and gave him blow for blow. Gans tried every trick he knew to get to Lewis' jaw, but Harry was too careful and too clever for him to land on the right point with sufficient force to do any damage, and the local boxer was never in any danger.

They both boxed cautiously in the first round and no very hard blows were delivered. Gans tried to hook Lewis on the jaw, but when he landed it was always too high up to hurt any. Lewis caught Gans with his feet close together in the second round and dropped him to the floor. Joe was down a couple of seconds and got up in good shape. He started at Lewis and forced him into a corner, where a hard mix-up followed, both exchanging blows. In the third round Gans staggered Lewis with a couple of left hooks, but try as he would, he could not get on Harry's jaw.

Gans came out of his corner quickly in the fourth and went right at Lewis. The latter was always on the retreat, but he fought back as he went away and

sent good left-hand jabs into Gans' face, and once he got in a hard one to Joe's body. Both missed hard swings and Gans looked worried. Lewis did some good jabbing in the fifth and Gans who was getting desperate, tried his best to get in one telling punch. He put his left to Harry's face and sent in a right-hand uppercut that shook the Philadelphian. Then he landed a left and a right on Harry's head, but he could not put the local boy down, and the bell rang with Joe chasing Harry and trying to get one decisive punch. Gans came out determined in the sixth, but the hard work he had done had tired him and he could not get in any hard punches, although he landed a number of times. Meanwhile Lewis was jabbing, and he also got in a couple of hard body blows. It was Gans' bout, but Lewis was given a great send-off after the bout, and it was pronounced the best contest he has ever put up in his career.

In the semi-windup Kid Carsey bested Freddy Welch in a hard bout. Jack Hanlon defeated Battling Stinger. Joel Theel beat Young Flynn. The latter broke his left hand in the third round and the referee stopped the bout. Young Welch, of the Seventeenth Ward, defeated Mike Malone in a gruelling bout.

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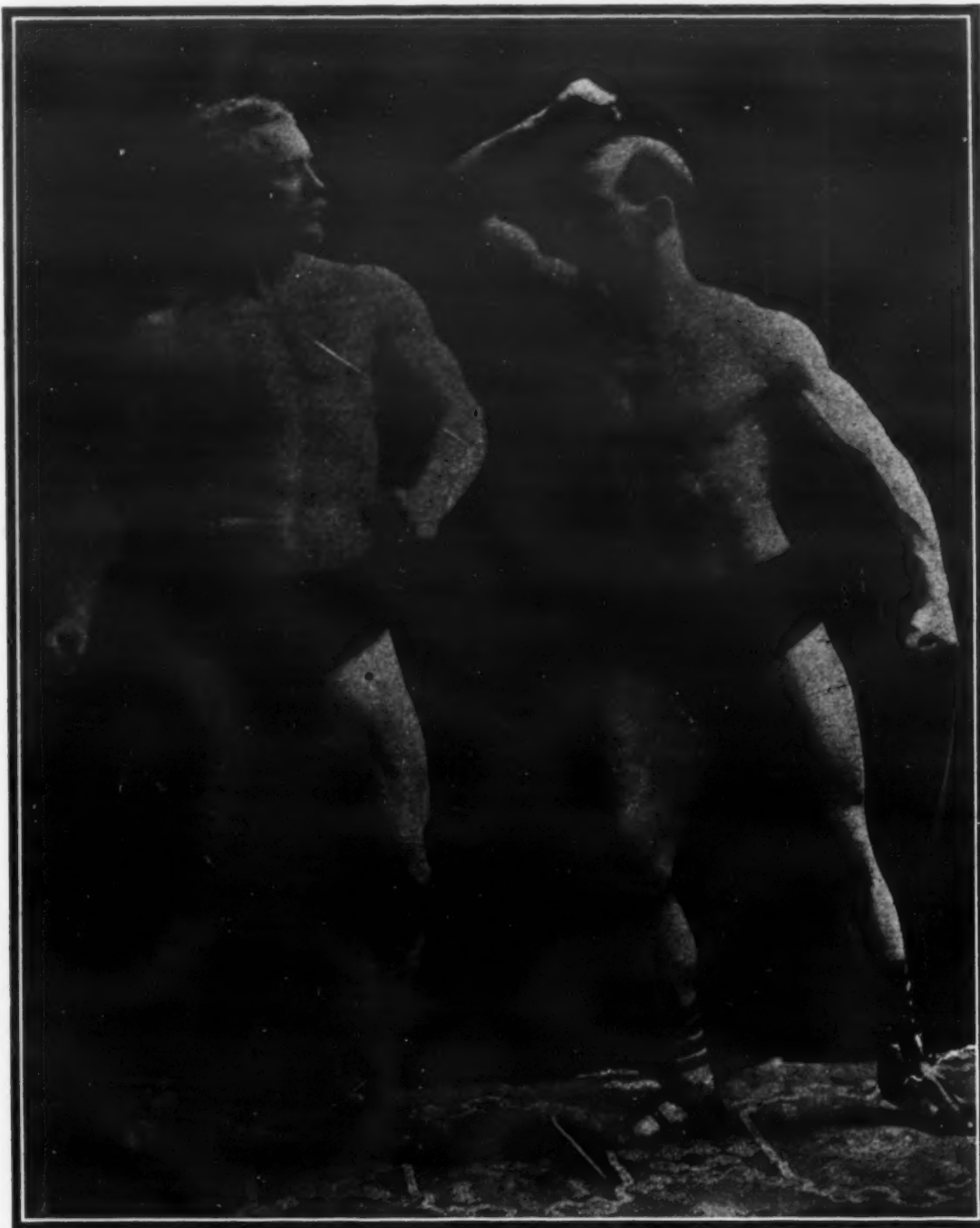
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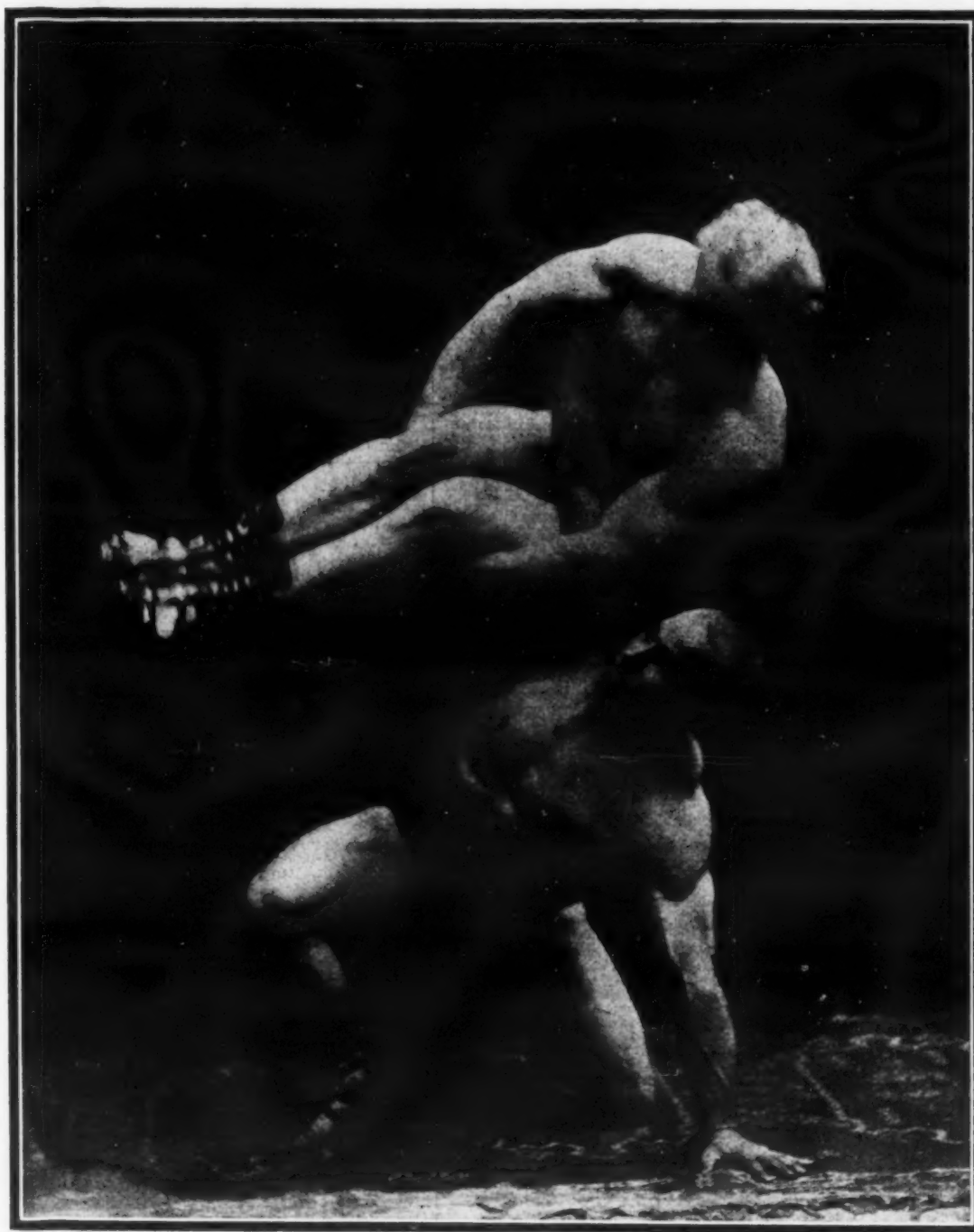
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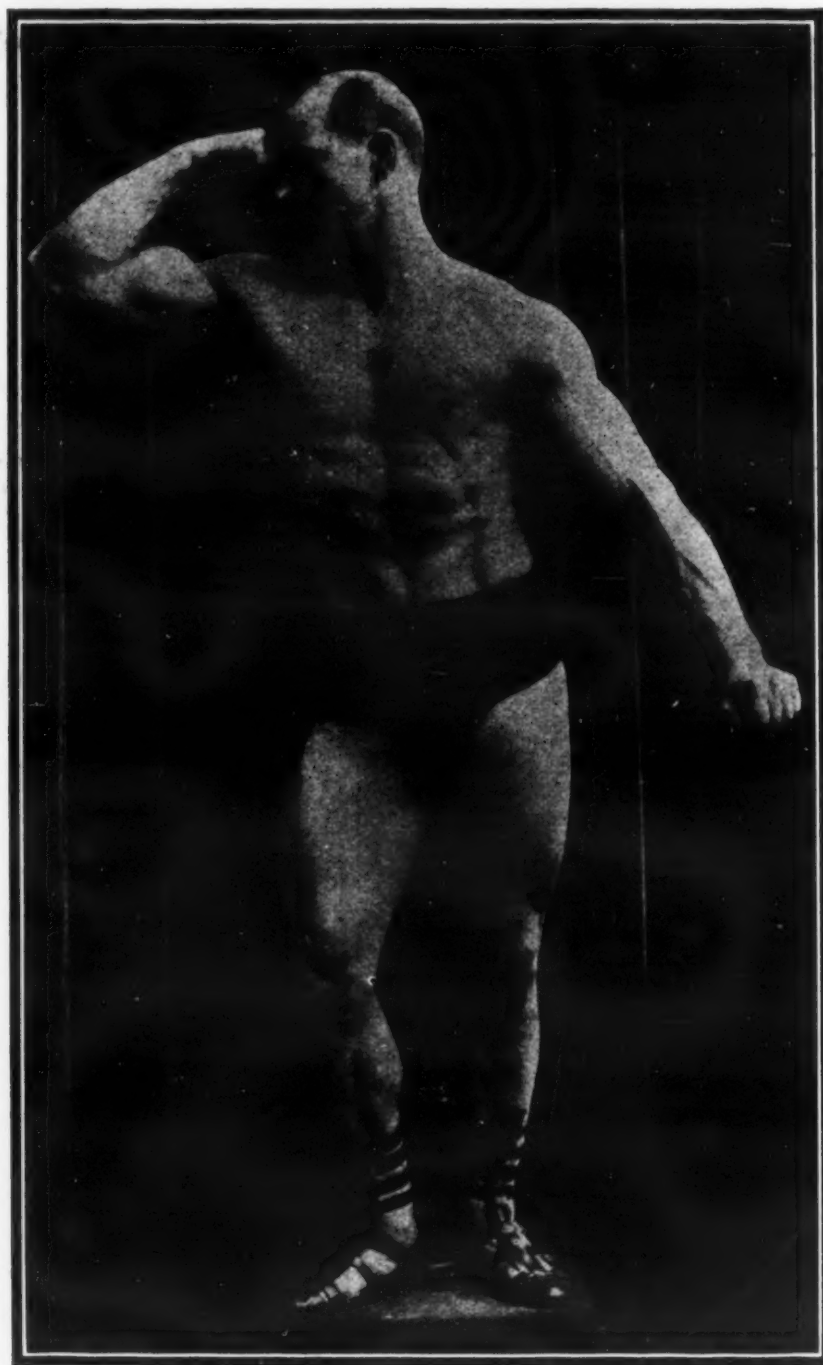
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